

FIRST
COMICS
DELUXE SERIES

JULY \$1.75
NO. 6
\$2.25 CANADA

THE BADGER



Dear LARRY,:

% FIRST COMICS
1014 DAVIS
EVANSTON, IL
60201

Dear Mike,

I'm writing this letter for three reasons. I believe that the Badger is one of the finest comic books in the field, except for the unavoidably high price and the relatively short length of the stories which keep devoted fans like me unsatisfied. Let it be known, though, that neither of those points shall stop me from buying the comic.

Second, Crusader Grabbit explains that comics is "the reason Johnny can't read." If that's the case, Johnny's an immature, psychotic retard. Comics should make reading more exciting and flavorful for a child beginning to read, not the contrary. If Reverend Grabbit really feels this way, he's every bit of what Johnny is... but double.

Finally, I did not enjoy your interpretation of Reverend Grabbit at all. Even though he was picking on the wrong tool (comic books), his intentions are decent. The simplicity in how Ham bribed the good Reverend was appalling. There are so many people running around using the facade of reverend for evil purposes that when I thought we found a decent reverend, I find out he's a phony.

I hope that the Badger lives long and prospers.

"T"

79 Newton Avenue North
Worcester, MA 01602

Glad you like the Badger, T. This wouldn't be Mr. T, by any chance, would it?

Sorry you didn't like my interpretation of Crusader Grabbit, but I'm weary of these self-righteous types who have a direct line to the Head Knock. Sure their intentions are decent. That doesn't excuse their incredible presumption in telling us how to live. I see it every Sunday on cable television. And those guys aren't exactly living the humble life. I prefer Frank Zappa's interpretation, "Heavenly Bank Account."

Dear Mike,

I suppose "The Day The Comics Fell" (Badger #3) was one of those nice little stories in which we superior, literate, intelligent and broad-minded right-thinkers can indulge ourselves in a little bit of fun having a few laughs about those people who look down on comics and those people who would irrationally censor the nation's reading material. Mind you, these two attitudes do not always go hand-in-hand.

Certainly, I have no sympathy for bookburners. They have lost rational

sight of the issues and realities and degenerated their stance into an unworkable, counterproductive, and absurdly oversimplified "solution" for a wide and complex matter.

However, when you talk about people who want to censor or limit access of certain material for certain groups (usually children), well, then it's a slightly different matter. While I'm generally opposed to their suggestions, I can see a validity in their concerns and a reason for their feeling of helpless rage.

What they are saying is that children are shaped by their experiences and at younger ages they are largely unable to properly "edit" these experiences. And since a parent cannot be around to guide his child at all times, a solution that pops up is to prevent the material from ever reaching the child.

I think most people agree with much of this basic attitude. Should a six year-old be bombarded with material saying that, say, blacks are dirty, inferior and evil? Where the problems arise is in deciding how young is young, what is damaging, and how access should be limited. These are very real and very large problems. But they can usually be dealt with on an individual level, without imposing drastic across-the-board sanctions.

It would have been nice if there had been at least a token nod towards the partial legitimacy of the crusaders' concerns.

T.M. Maple

Box 1272, Station B

Weston, Ontario M9L 2R9

On the other hand, there was a streak of smarmy liberalism running through the story. Being a crypto-fascist myself, I believe it is the parents' right to exercise whatever censorship they may feel necessary for their kids — and nobody else's. You let organized religion or the state set standards and they're going to set standards that reinforce organized religion and the state. People can be dumb, but I'd rather they were dumb individually than collectively.

Dear Mike,

The Badger is great! But like Nexus, it should be drawn by one artist and that man should be, in my opinion, Jeffery Butler.

When I picked up the first issue I was actually overwhelmed by his artwork. But when I picked up the second issue I have to be honest — I was disappointed by the mere fact that Butler had help. I had only noticed his style in a few panels and that was it. I was left wanting more. I went

back to my first issue just to savor the Butler artwork alone. Please, please put Jeffrey Butler on the Badger, just like you have Steve Rude on Nexus.

Arthur Diaz

1515 N. Ridgeway

Chicago, IL 60651

If you were overwhelmed by the first issue, we hope you are still alive after reading #4. For some time now, Jeffrey has been grazing among the green fields of TSR Hobbies in Lake Geneva (he's been there since before the Badger went on hiatus), but we hope you're not too disappointed with Bill Reinhold and Jeff Dee.

— Mike Baron



Next Issue: The Badger's cast of thousands grows a few, as we find our hero in the confines of a mental institution, and we discover his deepest secret. We'll see you in two months!

Rick Obadiah, Publisher

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Rick Oliver, Editorial Coordinator

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Production Manager

Ralph C. Musicant,

Operations Director

Kathy Kotsivas,

Direct Sales Manager

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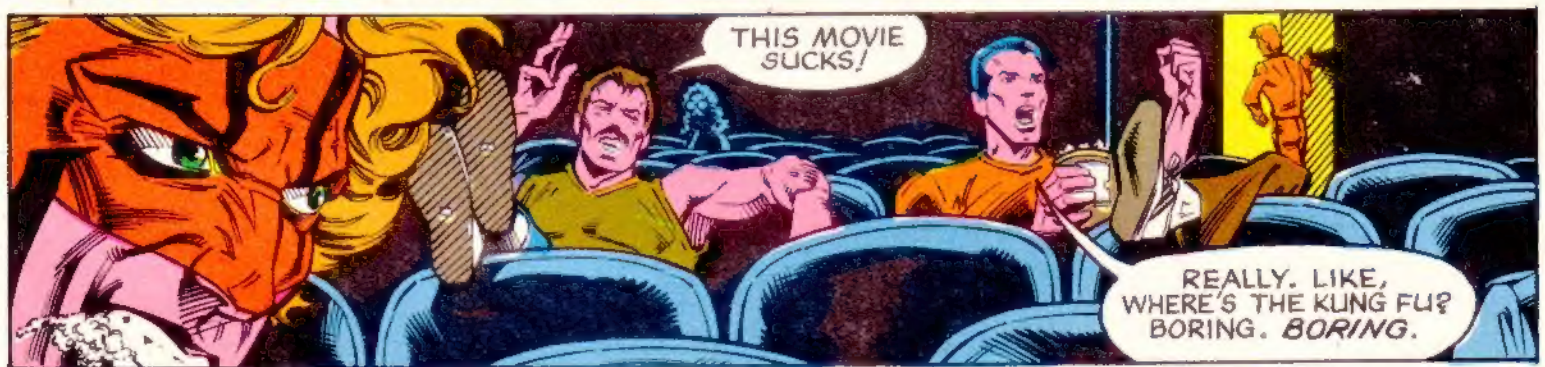
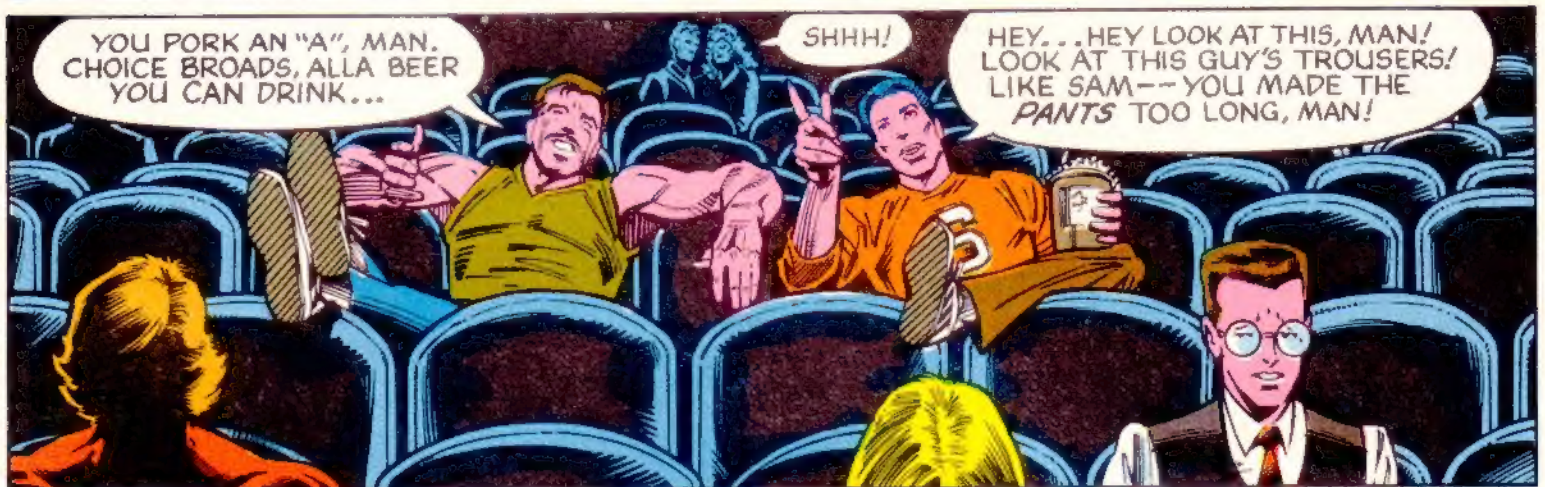
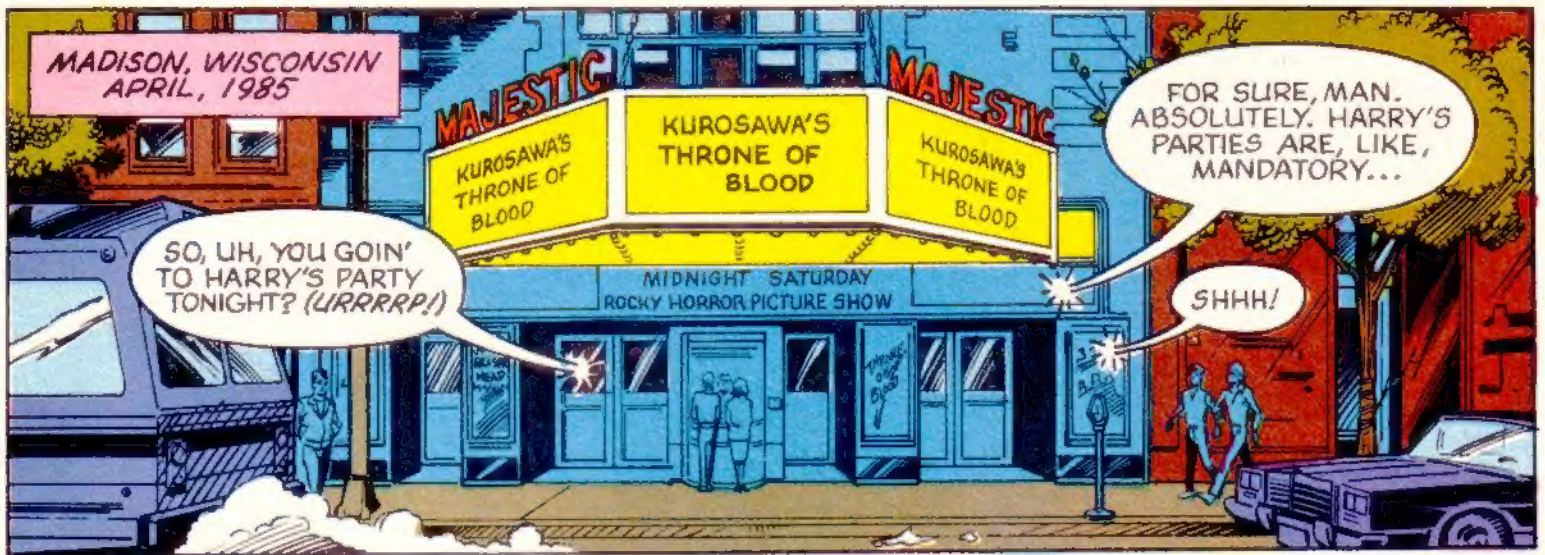
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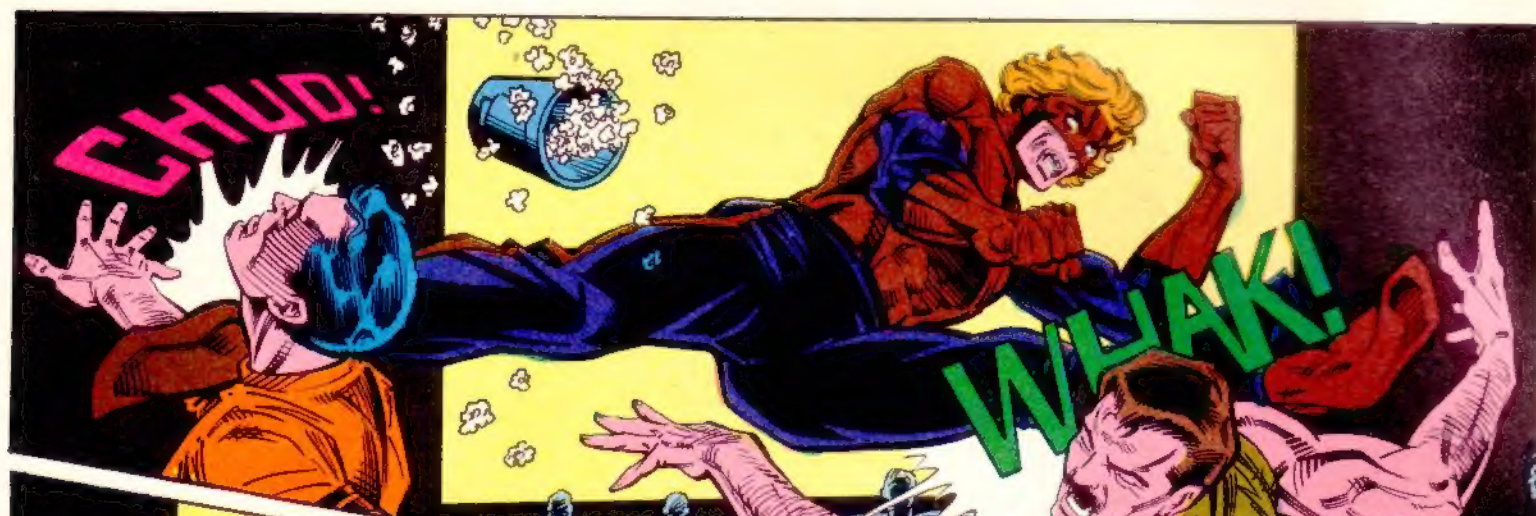
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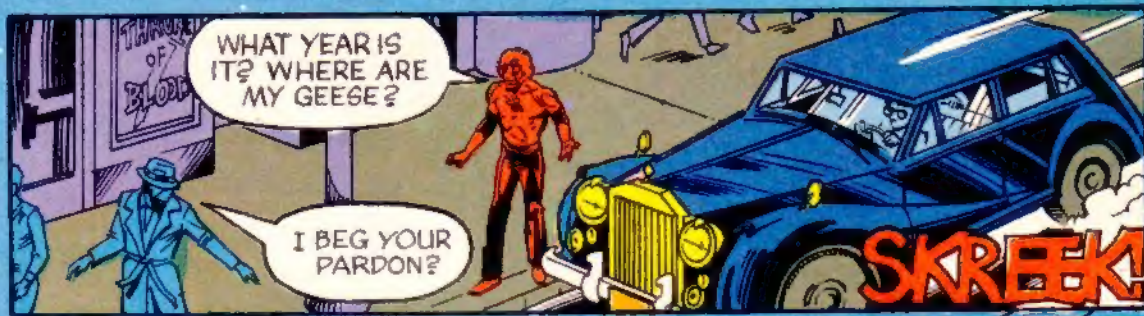
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WHAT YEAR IS IT? WHERE ARE MY GEEGE?

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

SKREEK!

BADGER! GET IN! WE'RE OFF TO SETTLE KOENIG'S HASH!

CUT DOWN MY ROWAN TREE, WILL HE? I'LL TEACH THE PRESUMPTUOUS PUPPY WHAT IT MEANS TO JERK J. HAMILTON THORNDYKE AROUND.

YOU'RE TALKIN' MY LANGUAGE LARRY.

WATCH THE HOSTILITY LEVEL, BOYS. AND NORBERT, REMEMBER-- NO WHITE SUGAR.

THE FOLLOWING DAY-- SAN DIEGO



OBSERVE, BADGER-- A SPARKLING CITY IN THE SUN.

STRAIGHTEN YOUR SEAT BACK, PLEASE, MR. SYKES.

FEDERAL REGULATIONS

PLEASE, MR. SYKES.

LOTS OF GRINKS AND DRONGOS DOWN THERE. I CAN SEE THEM.

WHY?

YES-- BUT WHAT DO THEY MEAN? WHAT IS THE GOAL?



SURFIN' USA!

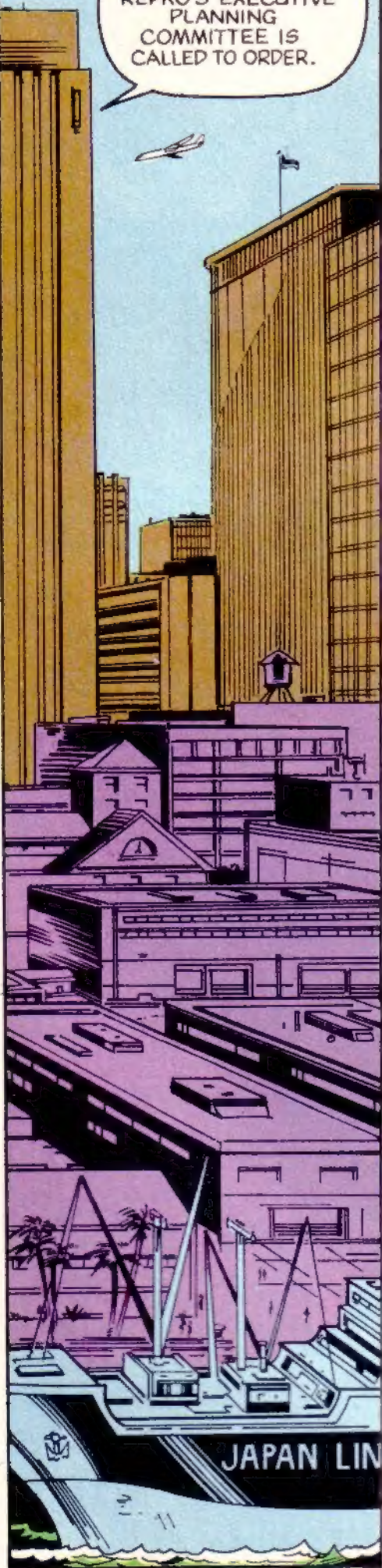
MIKE BARON
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BILL REINHOLD
PENCILLER
JEFF DEE
INKER
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LETTERER
RICK TAYLOR
COLORIST
MIKE GOLD
EDITOR

THIS ISSUE
DEDICATED
TO THE
BEACH BOYS

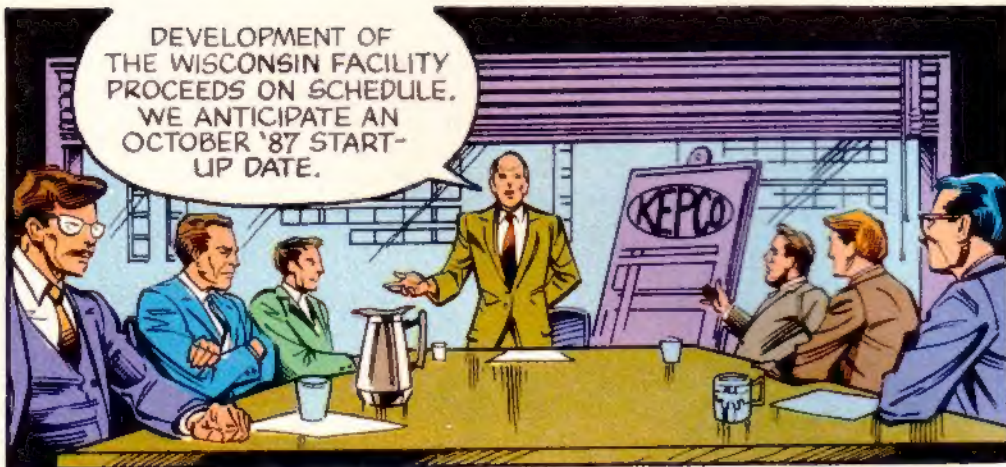
BADGER

ELSEWHERE IN THAT SAME CITY,
THE HEAD HONCHOS OF A
MAJOR ENERGY CONGLOMERATE
(BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE,
ALL WHITE MALES) MEET TO
TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS.

GENTLEMEN, THE
WEEKLY MEETING OF
KEPKO'S EXECUTIVE
PLANNING
COMMITTEE IS
CALLED TO ORDER.

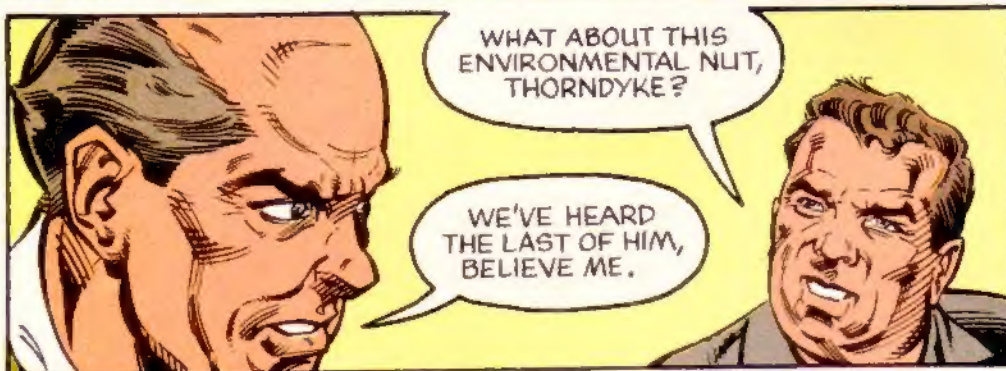


DEVELOPMENT OF
THE WISCONSIN FACILITY
PROCEEDS ON SCHEDULE.
WE ANTICIPATE AN
OCTOBER '87 START-
UP DATE.



WHAT ABOUT THIS
ENVIRONMENTAL NUT,
THORNDYKE?

WE'VE HEARD
THE LAST OF HIM,
BELIEVE ME.



YOU!

SORRY, MR.
KOENIG-- I TRIED
TO STOP HIM--



THAT'S RIGHT! *ME!* I HAVE RETURNED DESPITE YOUR AUSTRALIAN BULLY BOYS AND THE TENDER MINISTRATIONS OF THE IRS.

I ASKED YOU NOT TO DESTROY THE OAK. I OFFERED MONEY. I *PLEADED*.

YOU'RE OUT OF LINE, THORNDYKE. WAY OUT OF LINE.

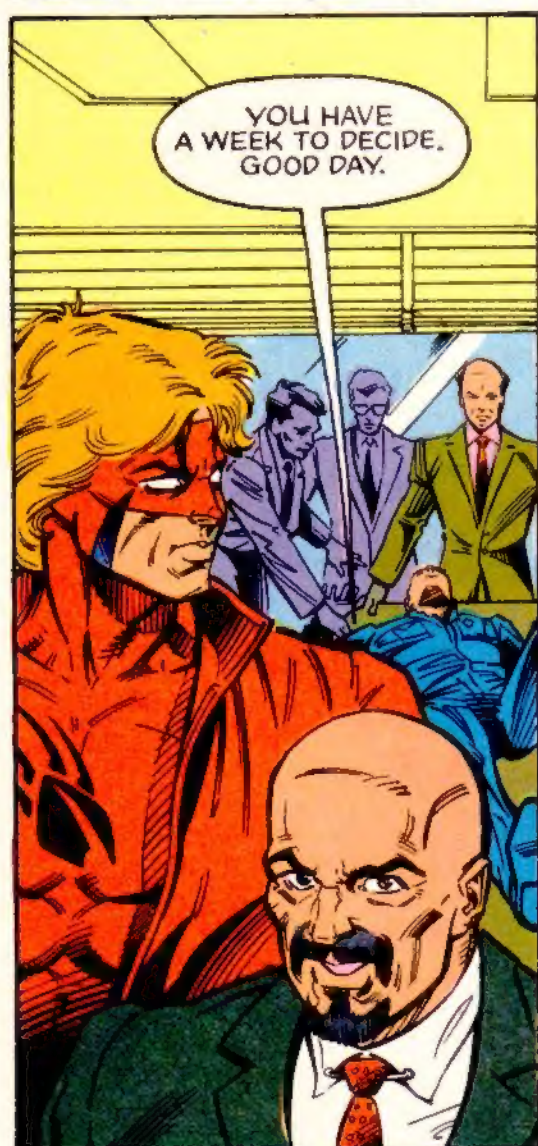
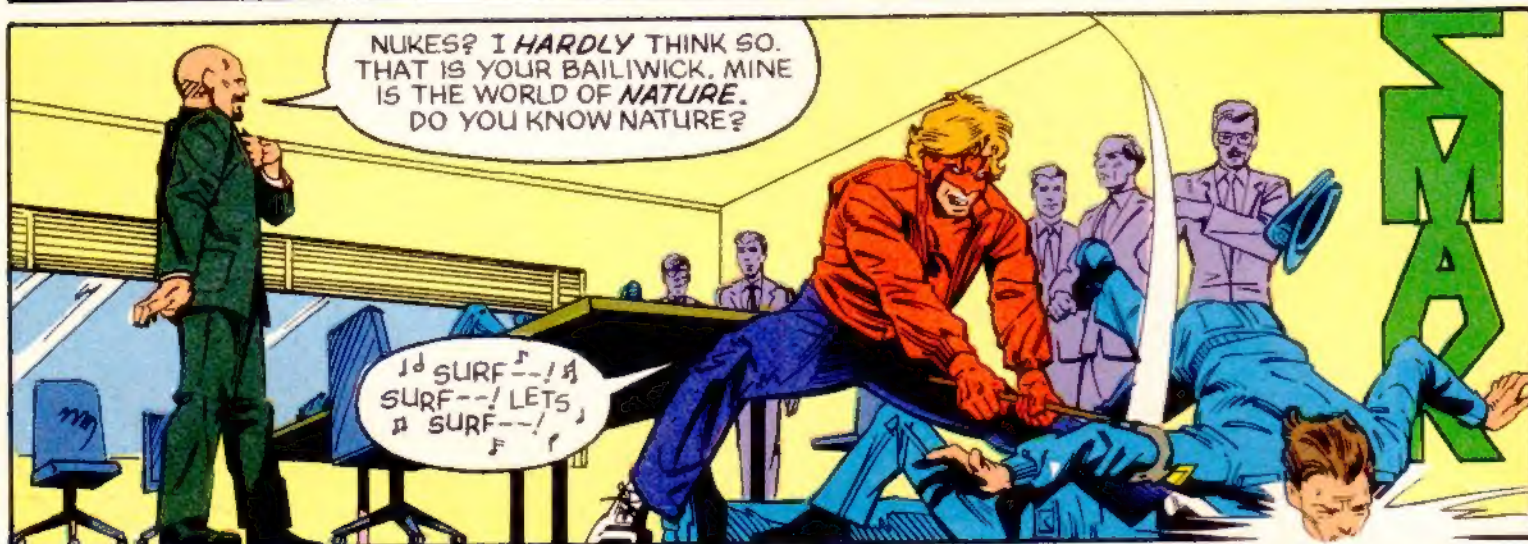
YOU GENTLEMEN CHEW UP A LITTLE PIECE OF THE EARTH FOR MONEY AND AT THE END OF THE DAY YOU GO HOME TO YOUR BEAUTIFUL HOMES IN BEL AIR, PACIFIC PALISADES...

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL, DO YOU SUPPOSE, IF IT WERE YOUR OWN EXQUISITELY SCAPED SUNDECKS UNDER THE GUN? EH?

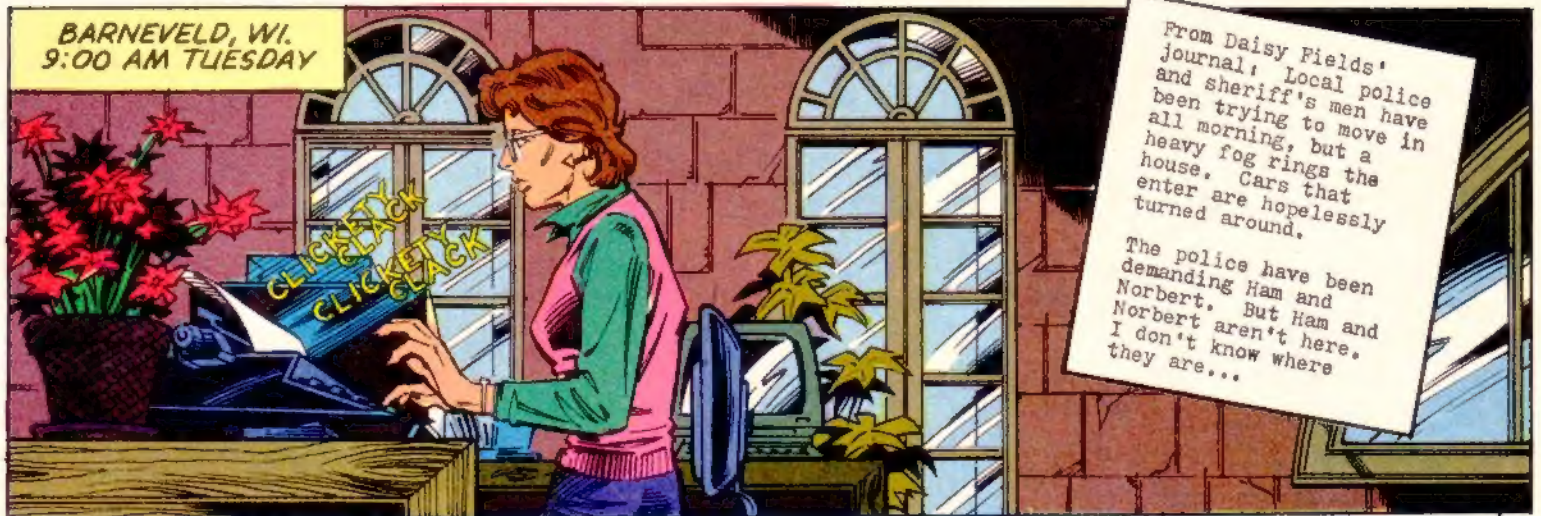
IT WOULD BE NO GREAT LOSS IF THIS ENTIRE SOUTHWESTERN *SUMPHOLE* WERE TO SINK BENEATH A CLEANSING SEA.

CLICK!

WHACK!



BARNEVELD, WI.
9:00 AM TUESDAY



From Daisy Fields' journal: Local police and sheriff's men have been trying to move in all morning, but a heavy fog rings the house. Cars that enter are hopelessly turned around.

The police have been demanding Ham and Norbert. But Ham and Norbert aren't here. I don't know where they are...

ATTENTION
THORNDYKE AND
SYKES! WARRANTS HAVE
BEEN ISSUED FOR YOUR ARREST
ON CHARGES OF EXTORTION!
YOU HAVE 15 MINUTES
TO COME OUT!

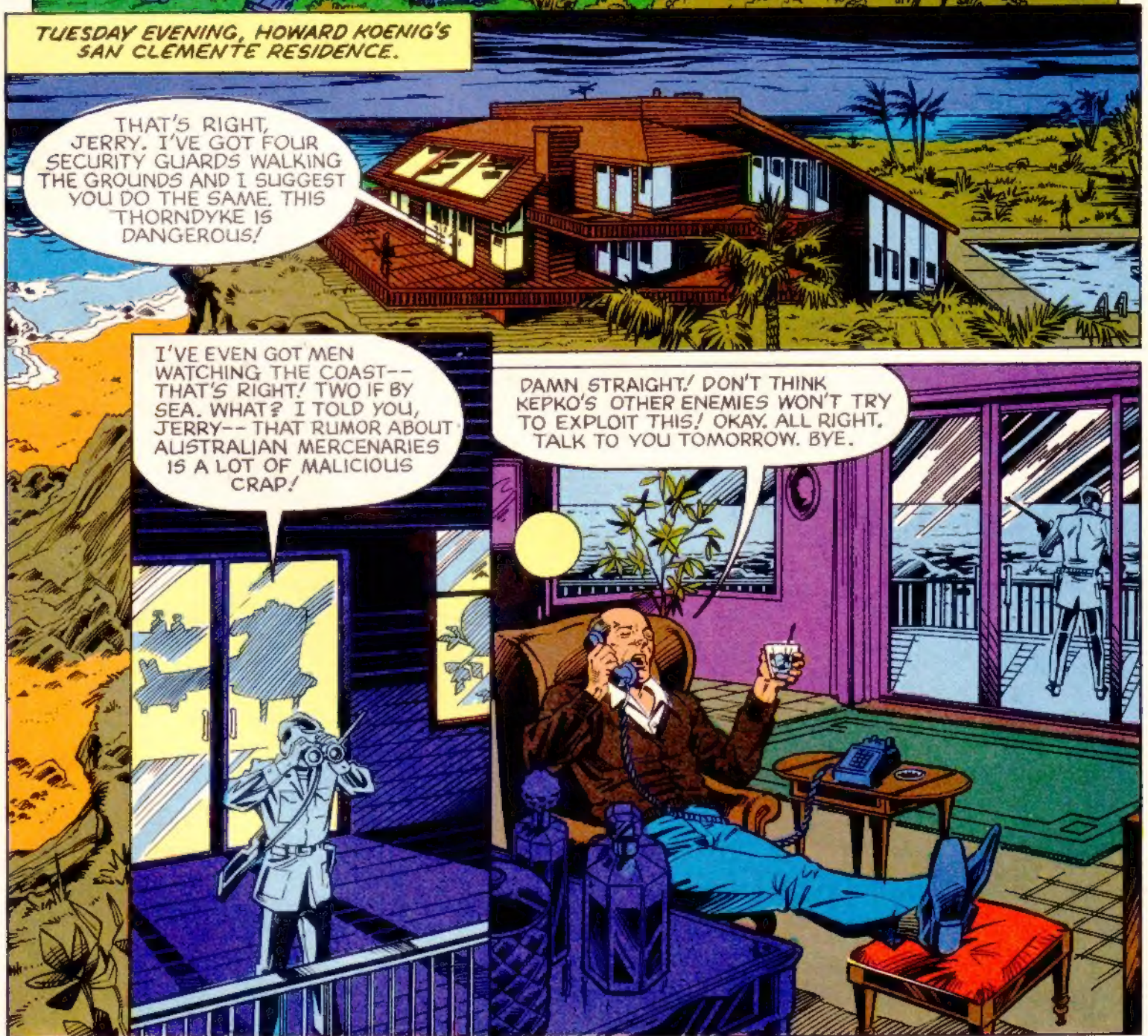
I'M
MAKING A
SANDWICH RUN.
ORDERS?

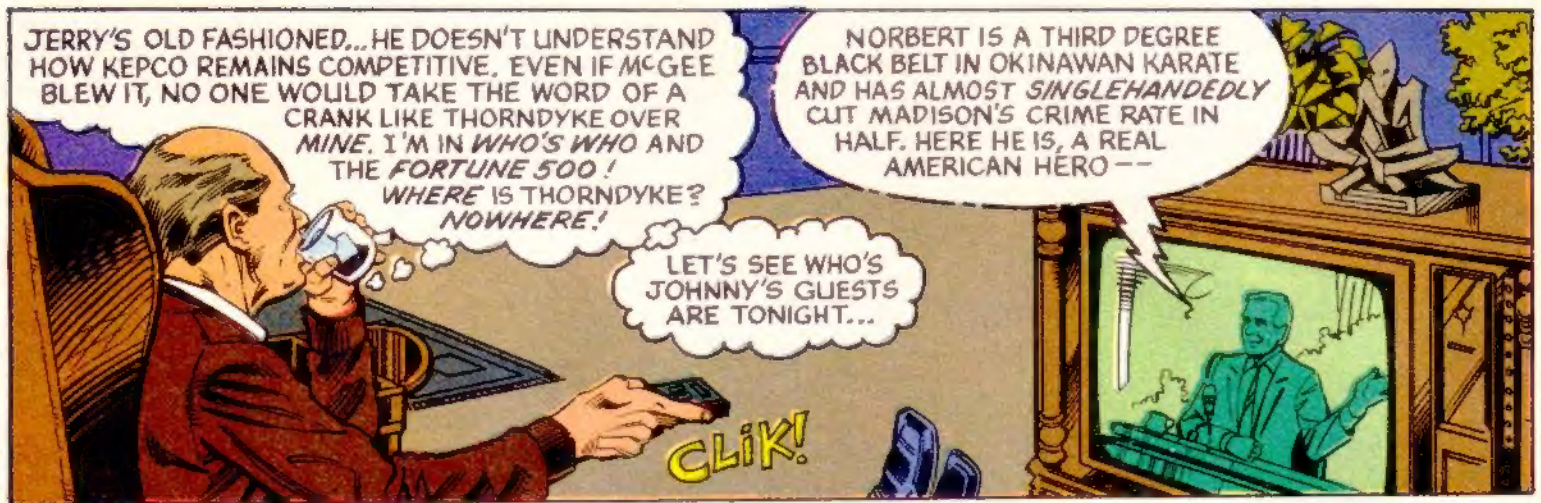
TUESDAY EVENING, HOWARD KOENIG'S
SAN CLEMENTE RESIDENCE.

THAT'S RIGHT,
JERRY. I'VE GOT FOUR
SECURITY GUARDS WALKING
THE GROUNDS AND I SUGGEST
YOU DO THE SAME. THIS
THORNDYKE IS
DANGEROUS!

I'VE EVEN GOT MEN
WATCHING THE COAST--
THAT'S RIGHT! TWO IF BY
SEA. WHAT? I TOLD YOU,
JERRY-- THAT RUMOR ABOUT
AUSTRALIAN MERCENARIES
IS A LOT OF MALICIOUS
CRAP!

DAMN STRAIGHT! DON'T THINK
KEPKO'S OTHER ENEMIES WON'T TRY
TO EXPLOIT THIS! OKAY. ALL RIGHT.
TALK TO YOU TOMORROW. BYE.





PAID ADVERTISEMENT

TIDAL WAVE COMING! GET OUT NOW!

EN ESPAÑOL

¡MARJADA VENGA ¡SALGA AHORA!

U.S. MARINES
INVADE CANADA! READ
ALL ABOUT IT!

THE GREAT EXODUS BEGINS
AS THOUSANDS FLEE INLAND.

J ST
PERSH
CIVIC C

SAN CLEMENTE

DAMN IT, HOWARD!
PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING
TO BLAME US FOR THIS
WHOLE WAVE HOAX!

CALM DOWN,
JERRY. HYSTERICS
AREN'T GOING TO
SOLVE ANYTHING.

APPARENTLY WHAT HAPPENED, THORNDYKE
LEAKED SOME COCKEYED STORY TO THE PRESS
ABOUT US DESTROYING A NATIONAL MONUMENT.
I ADMIT I UNDERESTIMATED HIM...

HOWARD, IS THERE ANY
TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT
YOU HIRED AN AUSTRALIAN
HIT SQUAD?

MR. KOENIG--MIKE WALLACE
IS OUTSIDE WITH A CAMERA
CREW. WILL YOU SPEAK
TO HIM?

GET RID
OF HIM!

GENTLEMEN,
WE'RE GOING TO
STONEWALL IT! ALL
OPERATIONS
CONTINUE ON
SCHEDULE!

NINE P.M. TUESDAY--A WAREHOUSE
IN THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

WE HAVE DONE WHAT
WE COULD FOR THE COMMON
MAN--OR "PERSONHOOD" AS
MS. FIELDS MIGHT SAY.

NOW WE DO WHAT WE
MUST FOR ALL LIVING THINGS
THAT DON'T WALK ON TWO LEGS
OR SMOKE CAMELS. REMOVE
THE TARP.



GNAW ME
A BOARD,
BADGER...

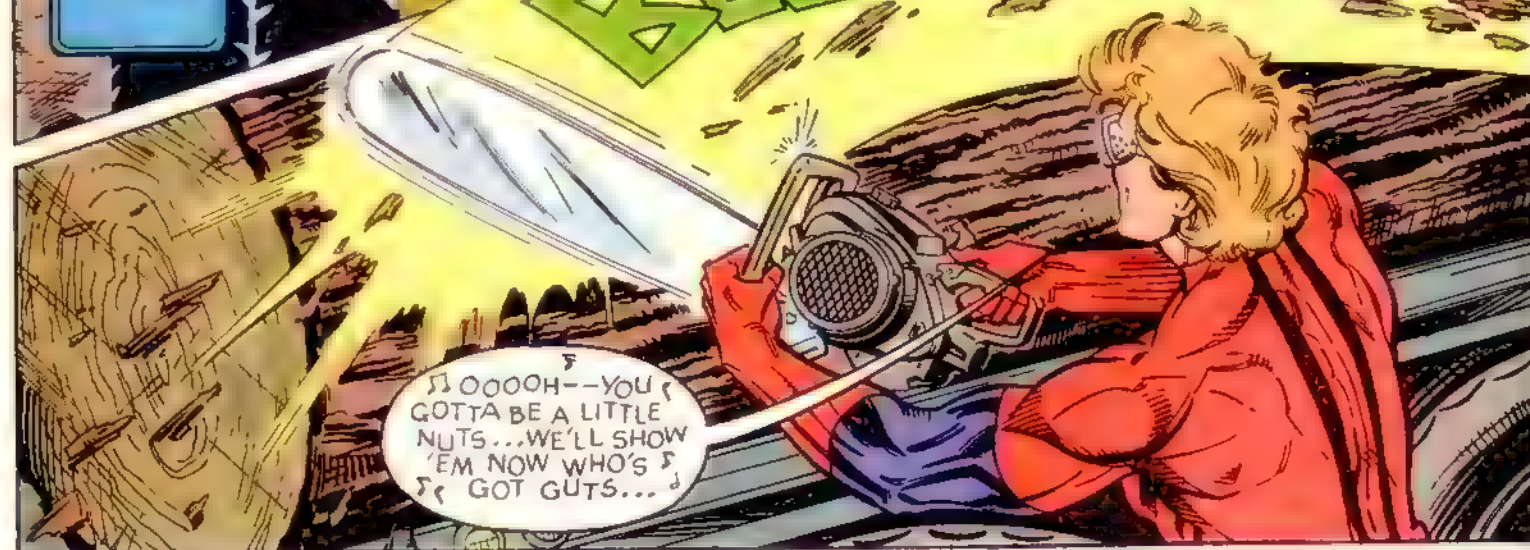


GNAW ME
A BOARD TO RIDE
DOWN MR. KOENIG'S
GULLET.

AND THE BADGER
BEGINS TO GNAW...

BUZZZZZZAAAAHH

OOOOH--YOU
GOTTA BE A LITTLE
NUTS...WE'LL SHOW
'EM NOW WHO'S
GOT GUTS...

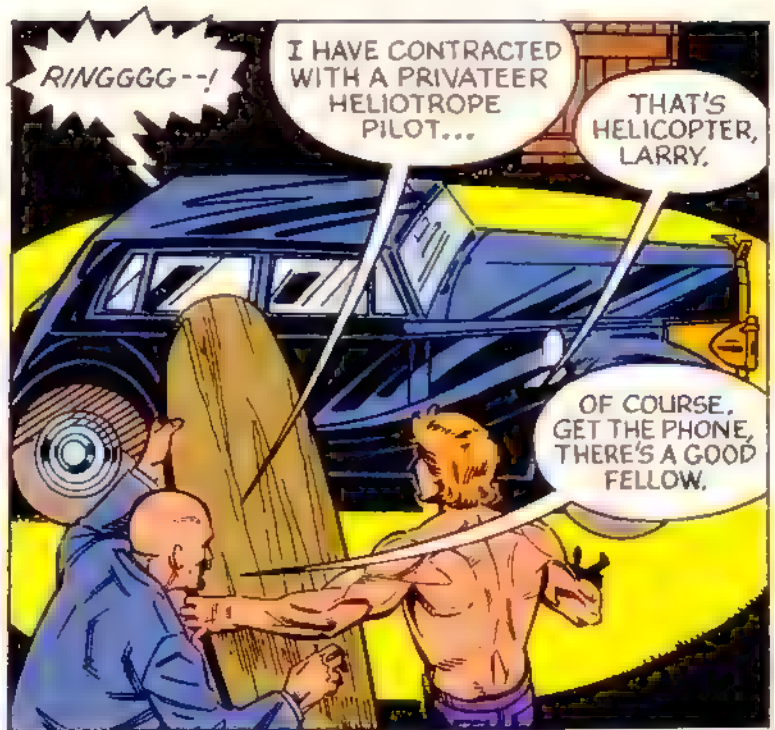




EIGHT HOURS LATER.

A HANDSOME JOB, BADGER.

SURF--/ SURF--LET'S SURF--!

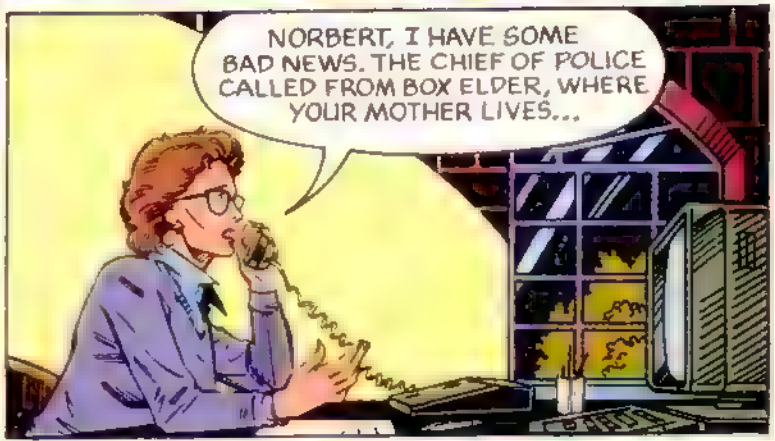


RINGGGG--!

I HAVE CONTRACTED WITH A PRIVATEER HELIOTROPE PILOT...

THAT'S HELICOPTER, LARRY.

OF COURSE, GET THE PHONE, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW.

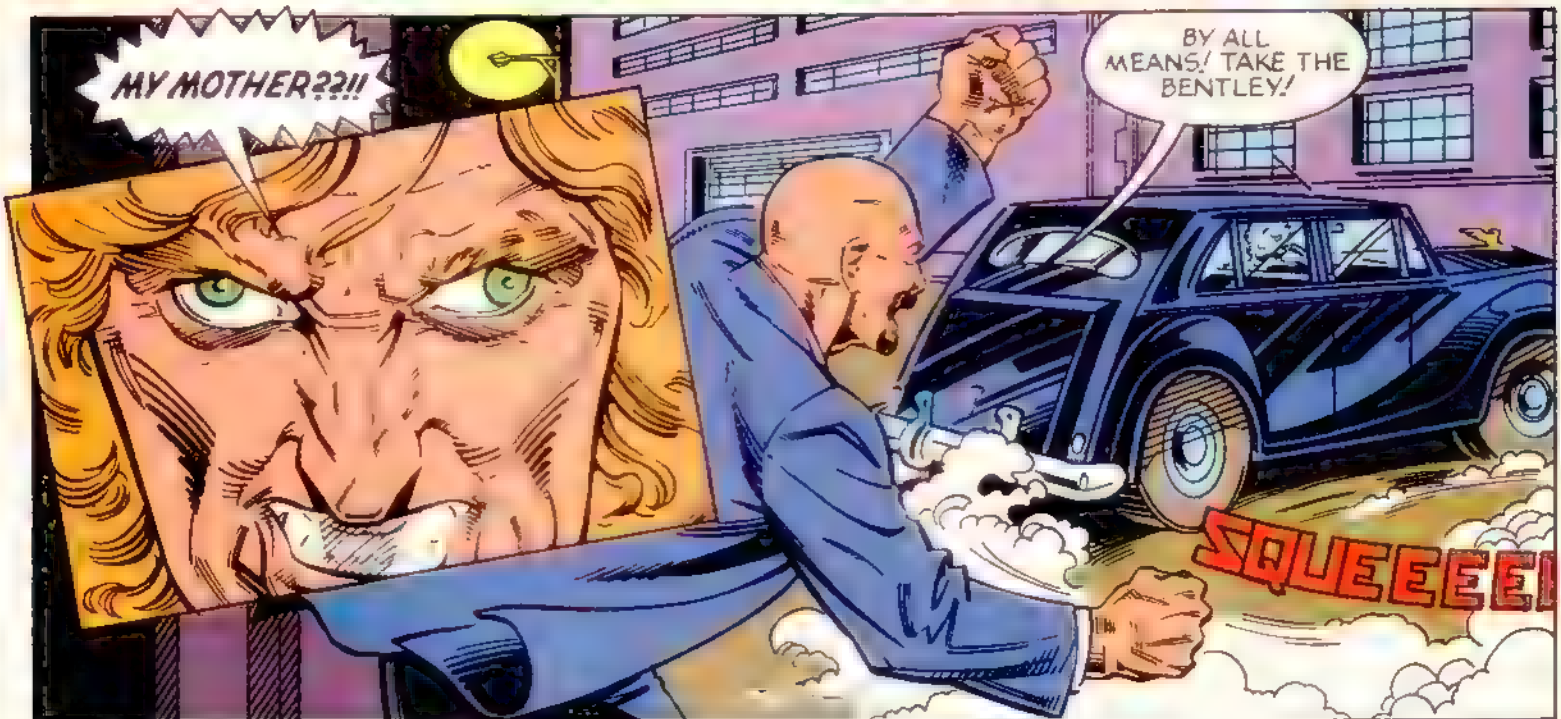


NORBERT, I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS. THE CHIEF OF POLICE CALLED FROM BOX ELDER, WHERE YOUR MOTHER LIVES...



YEAH?

YOUR MOTHER WAS ASSAULTED LAST NIGHT. SHE'S ALL RIGHT-- SHE WASN'T HURT...



MY MOTHER??!!

BY ALL MEANS! TAKE THE BENTLEY!

SQUEEEEE!

SIX A.M. THURSDAY
APRIL 28.

YOU SURE
YOU WANT ME TO
LEAVE YOU HERE,
MR. THORNDYKE?
YOU'RE 2,000 MILES
FROM LAND.

RIGHT HERE,
MR. PILOT.

RIGHT HERE.

LET'S SURF.

FISH ARE CHIRPIN'—FROGS ARE CROAKIN'—
PERCHED ON ANCIENT ELDRITCH OAKEN—
BY THIS MAGIC I'M EVOKIN'—
GET THIS BITCHIN' WAVE
A STOKIN'!

AKIKU!

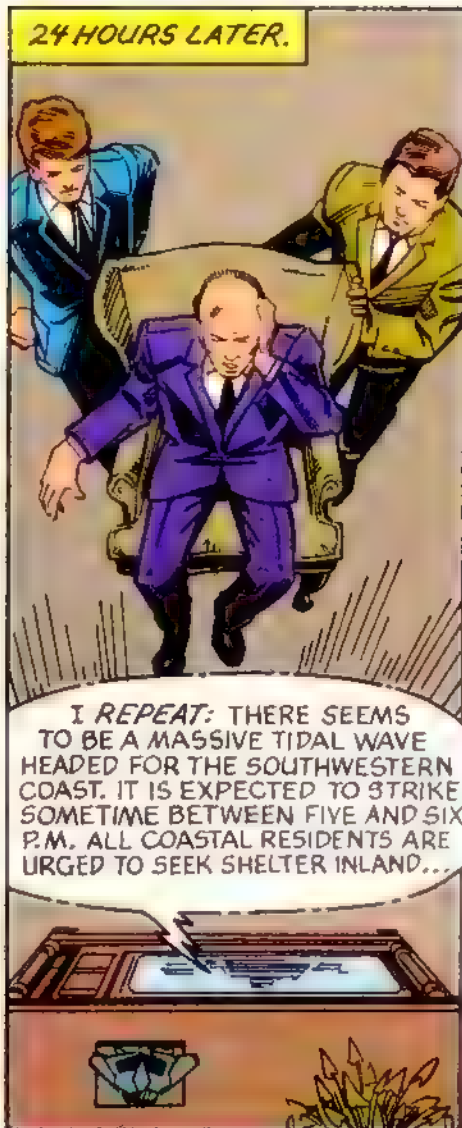
I GOT UP THIS MORNING -- TURNED
ON THE RADIO -- I WAS
CHECKIN' OUT THE SURFIN'
AND GETTIN' READY TO
GO --

BOM-BOM!
DIP-DIP
DIP-DIP...

U.S. NAVAL WEATHER
STATION, GUAM, S. PACIFIC

HOLY... CRAP!
LIEUTENANT HEY
LIEUTENANT!

24 HOURS LATER.

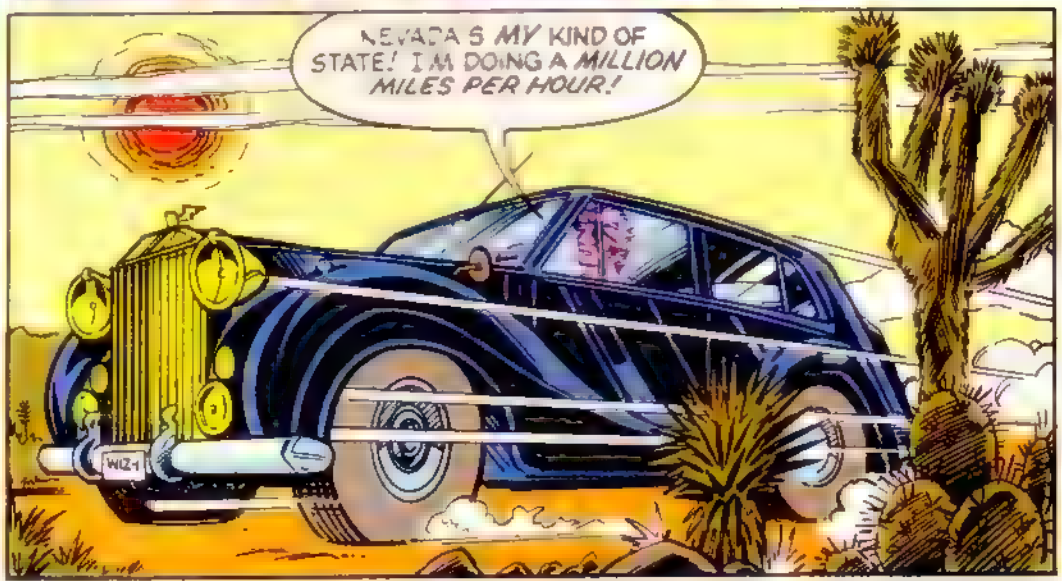
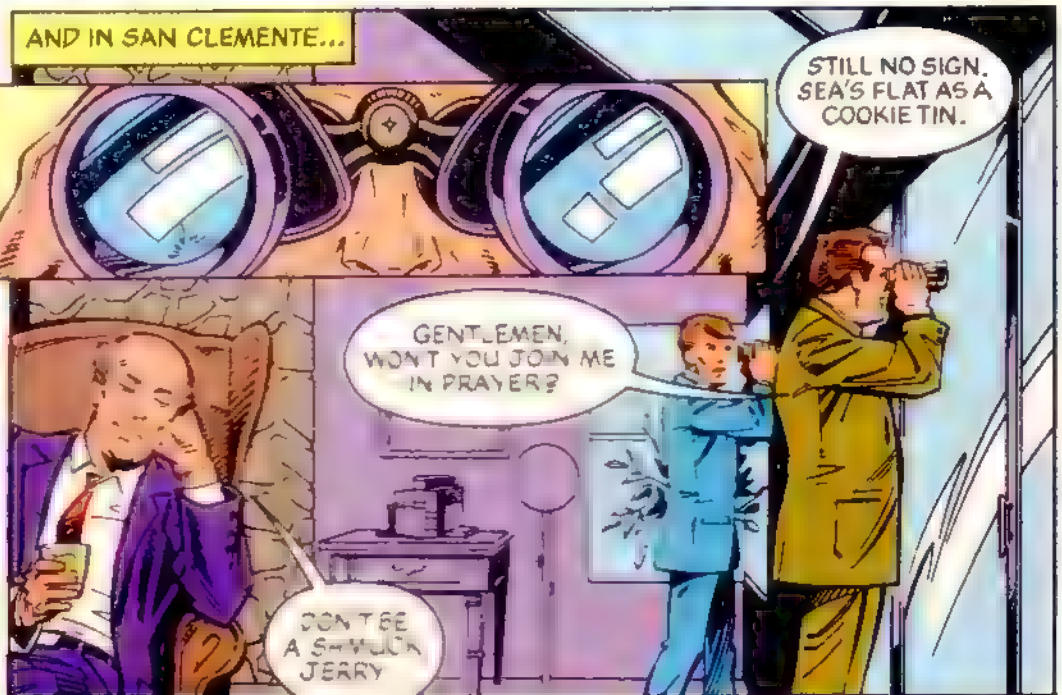
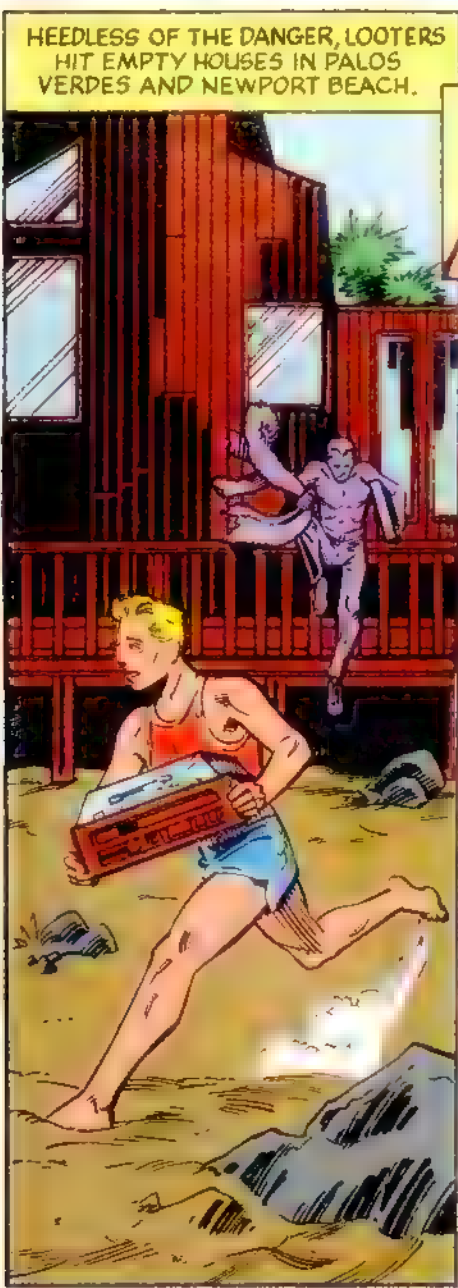
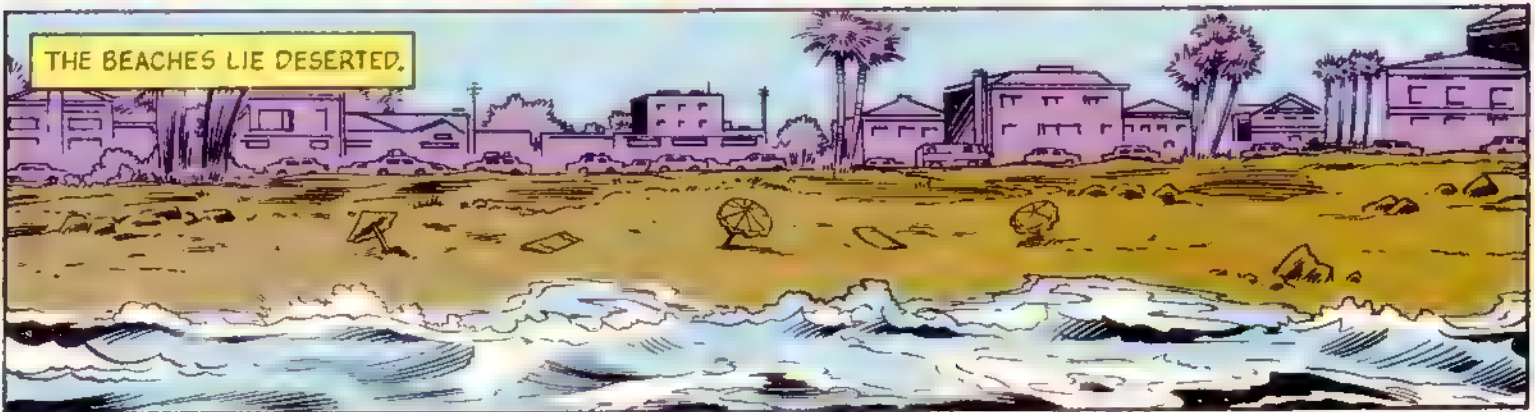
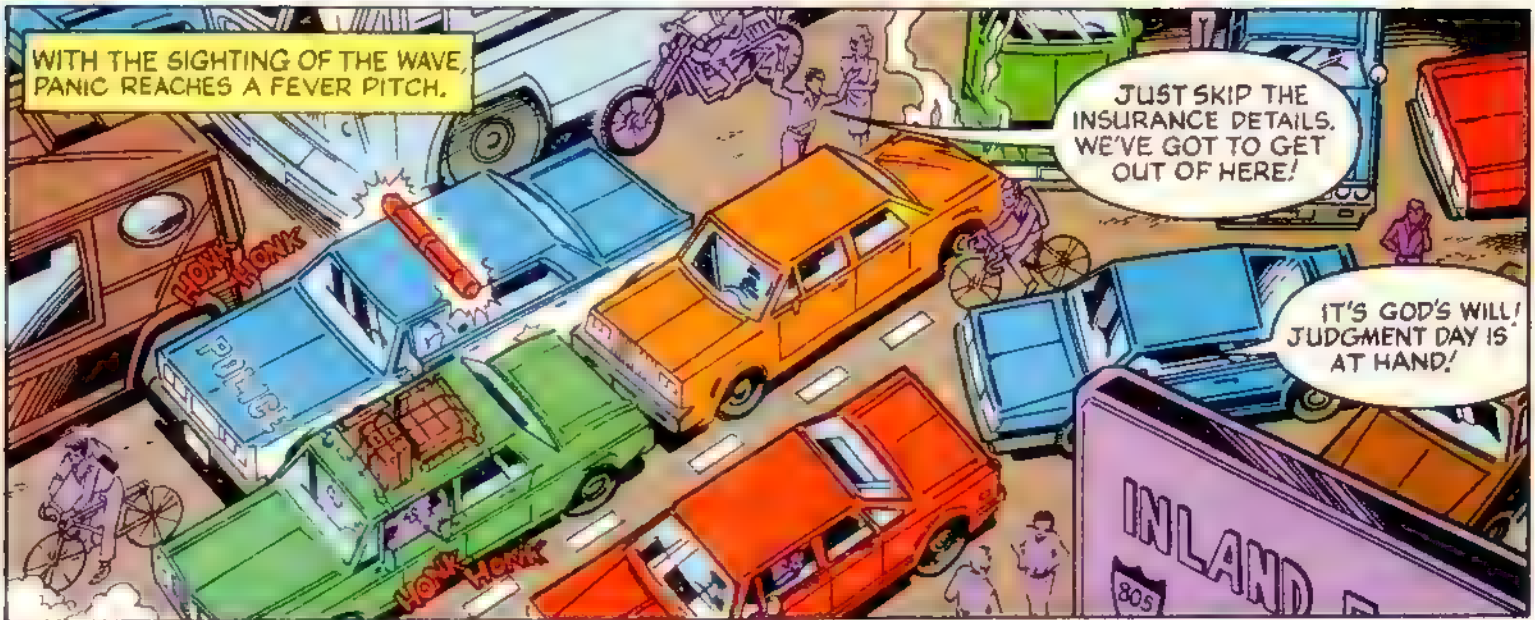


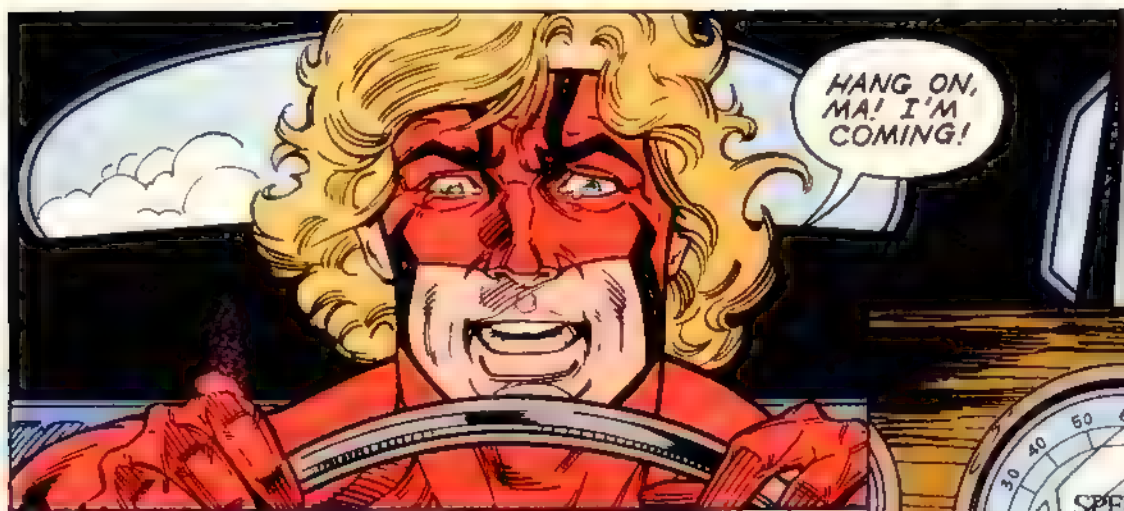
HE'S DOING IT!
BUT HOW IS HE
DOING IT?

WE HAVE
NO CHOICE, HOWARD. WE
HAVE TO ACQUIESCE.
WE CAN'T TAKE
THE CHANCE!

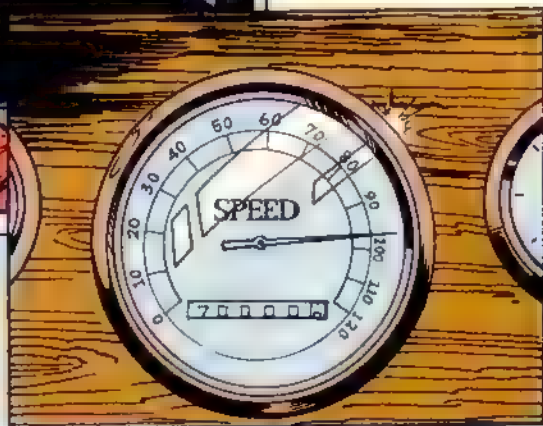
ALL RIGHT...







HANG ON, MA! I'M COMING!



SIXTEEN HUNDRED MILES DUE WEST...



ATTENTION! MR. THORNDYKE! KEPCO AGREES TO YOUR CONDITIONS! PLEASE STOP THE WAVE!

♪ WE'RE LOADING ♪ UP THE WOODY AND ♪ GETTING READY TO ROLL... PUT THE PEDAL TO THE ♪ METAL... TURN ON ♪ THE RADIO...

GENTLEMEN, IS THAT SO? I SAY GENTLEMEN! IS THAT SO?

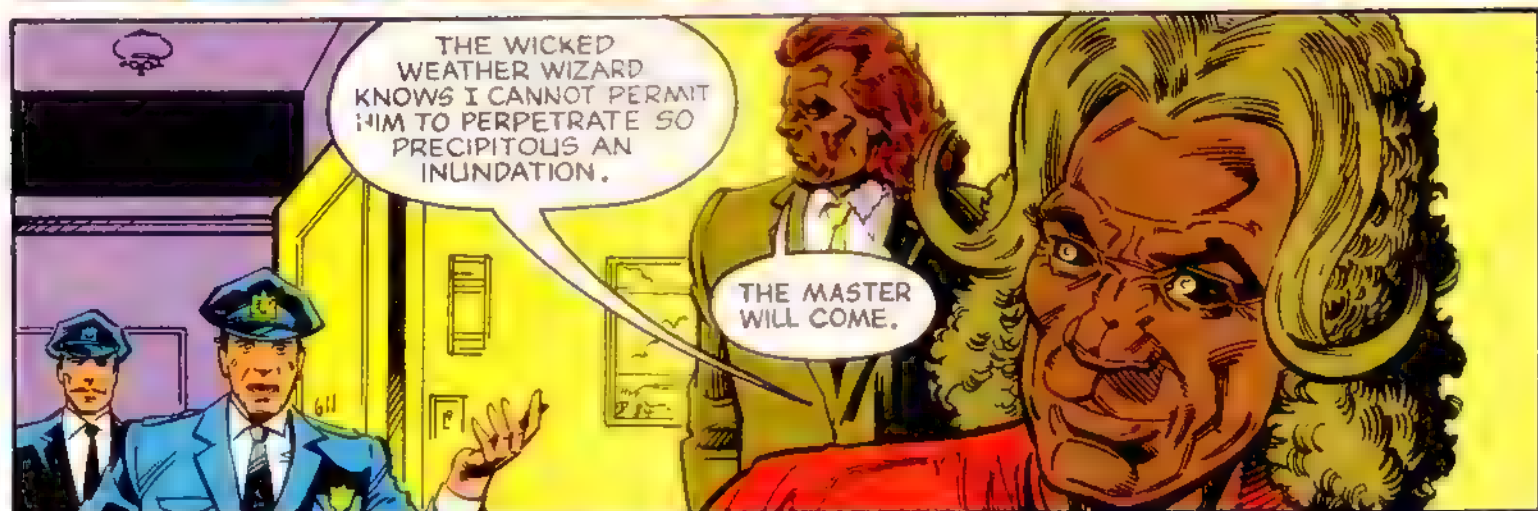
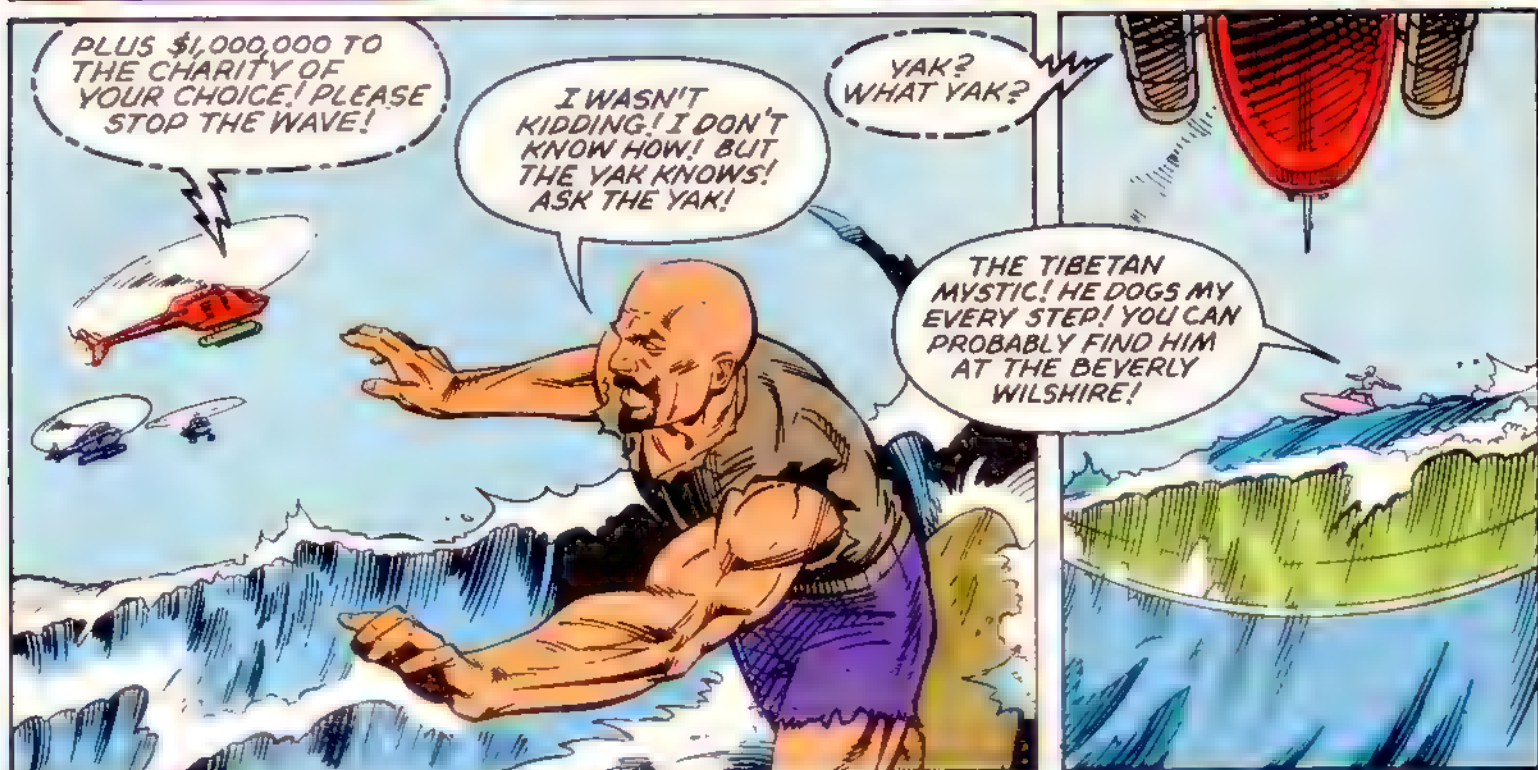
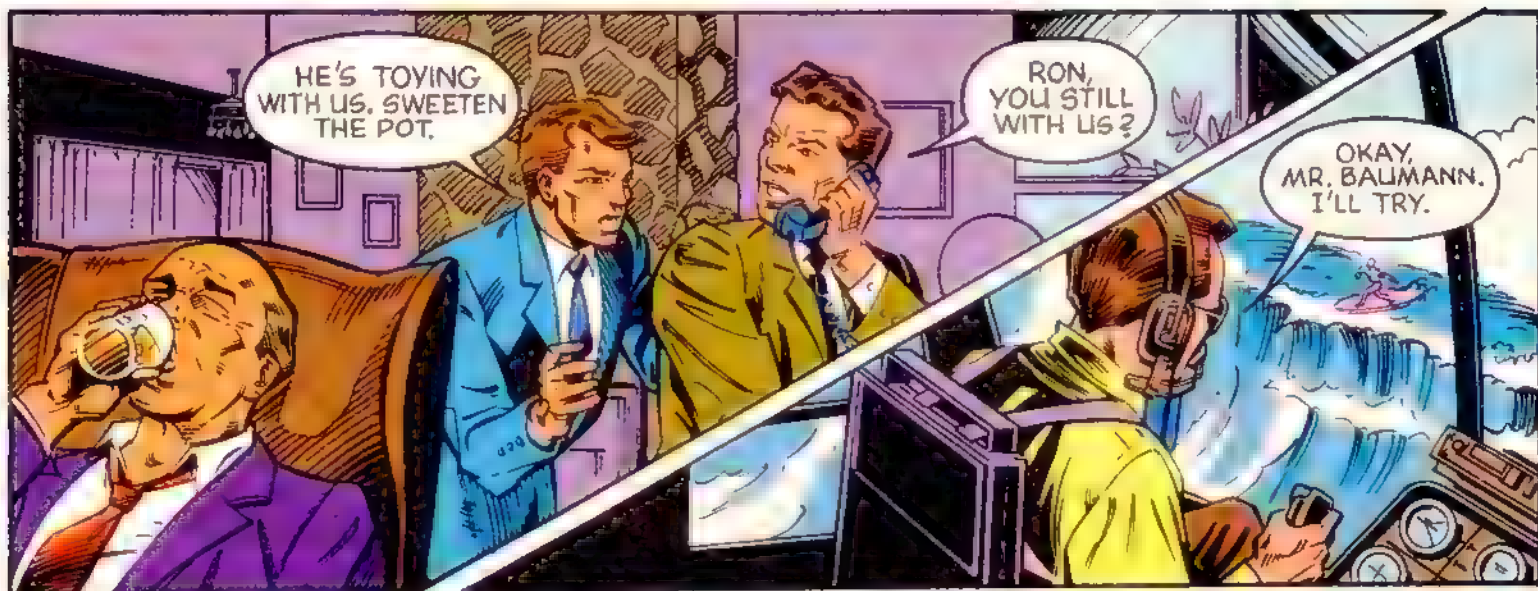


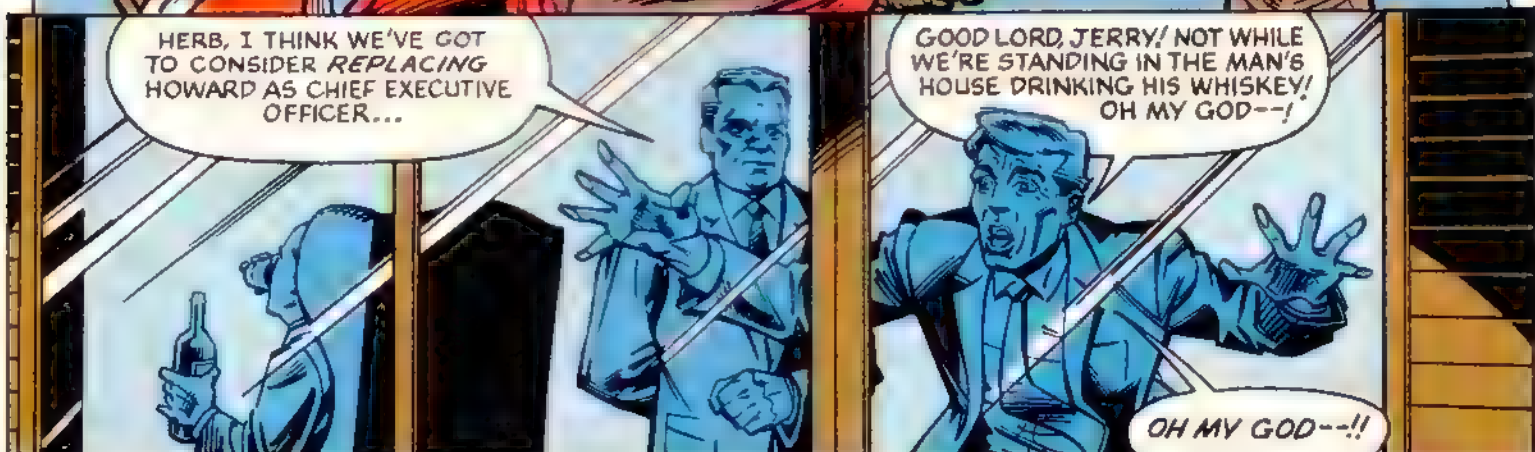
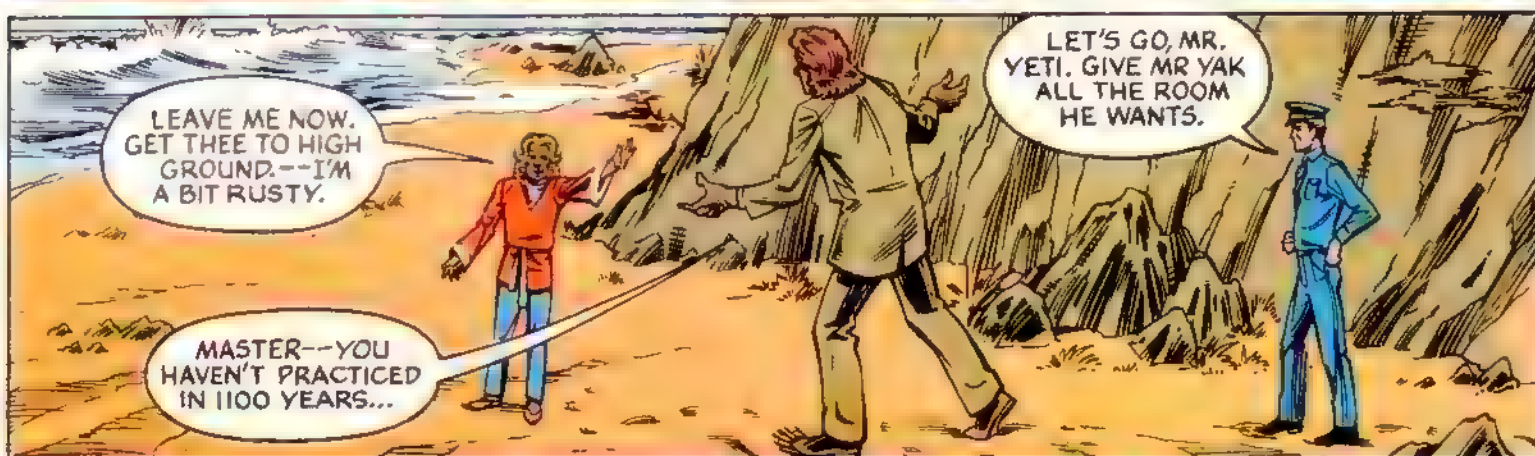
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO RAISE MY VOICE.



THANK
YOU! THAT IS VERY
GRATIFYING! BUT I AM
SORRY TO TELL YOU, I
DON'T KNOW HOW TO
STOP THESE THINGS!

DO YOU
HAVE A
SANDWICH?







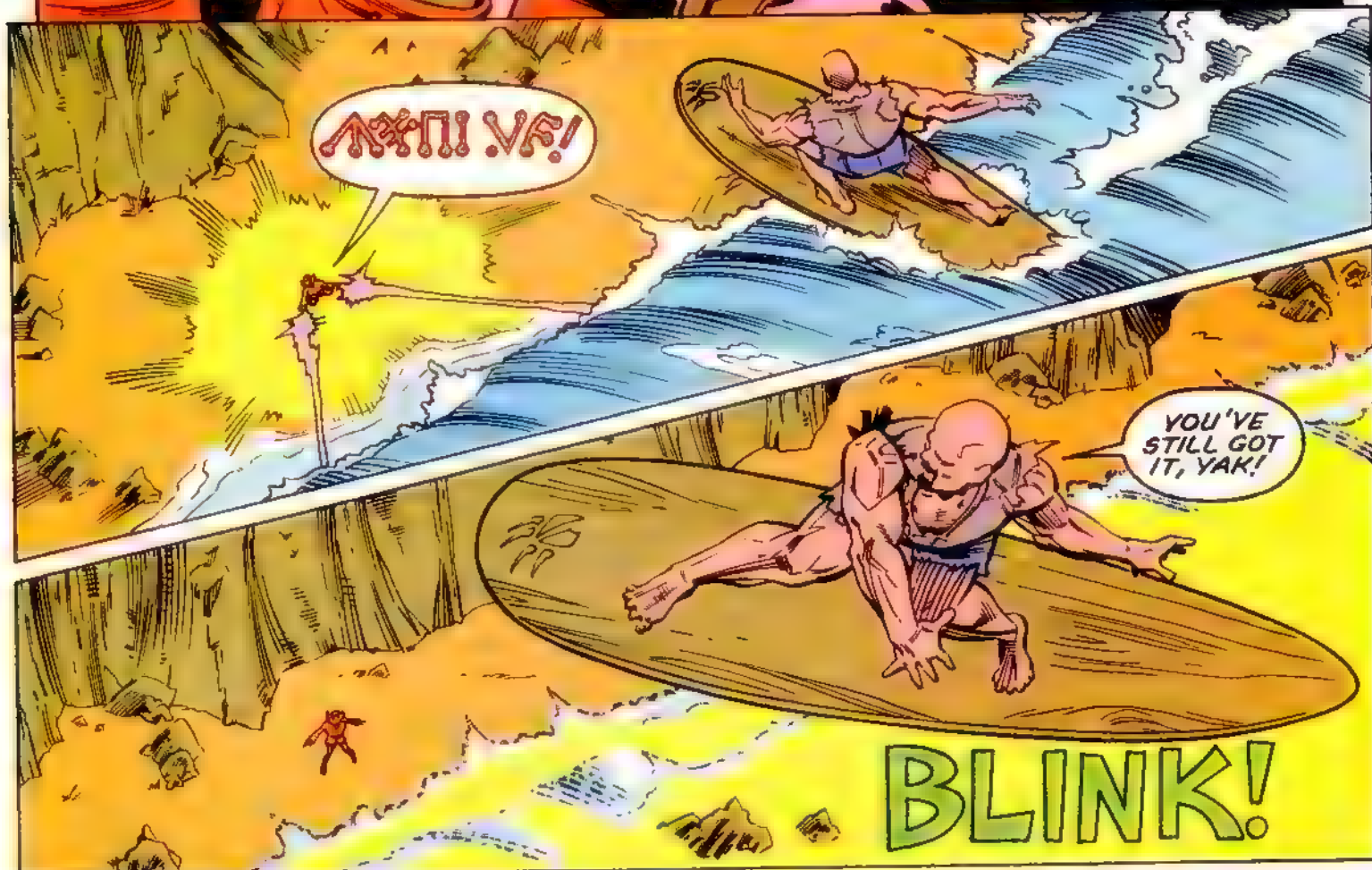
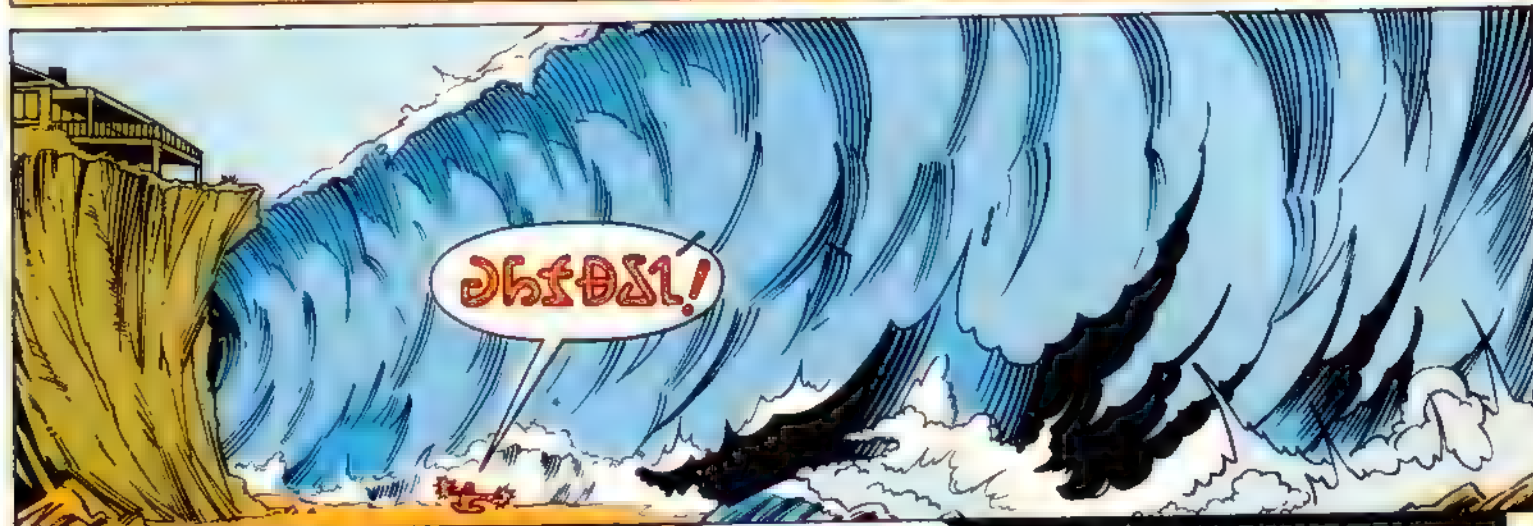
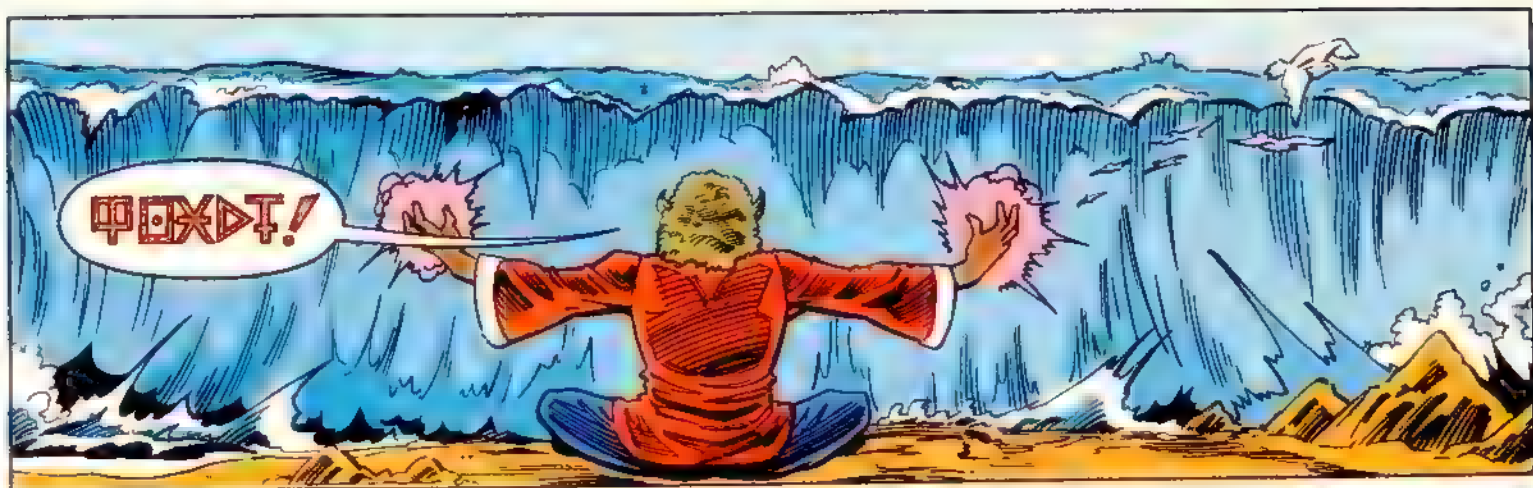
♫ 'CAMPIN' OUT ♪
♫ AT THE BEACHES--
THEY WON'T BE HOME
FOR DAYS! EVERYBODY'S
GONE CRAZY--FOR ♪
♫ THE SURFIN' ♪
CRAZE! ♪

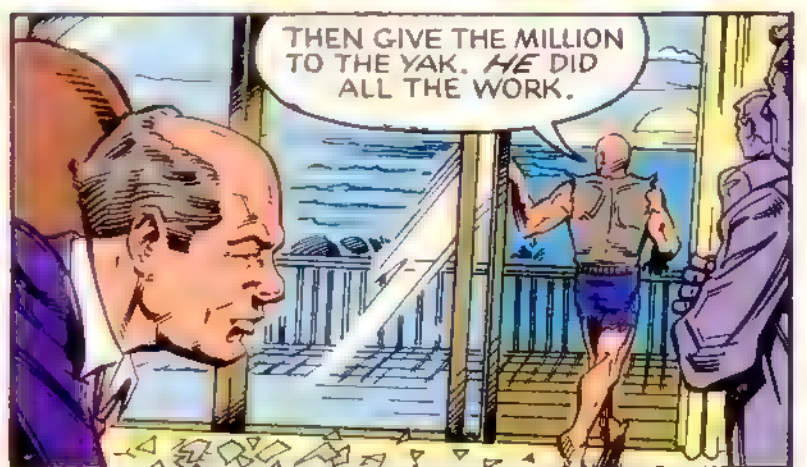
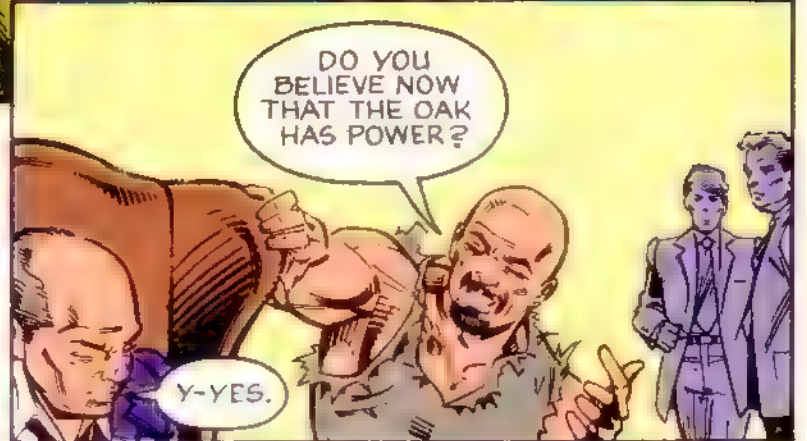
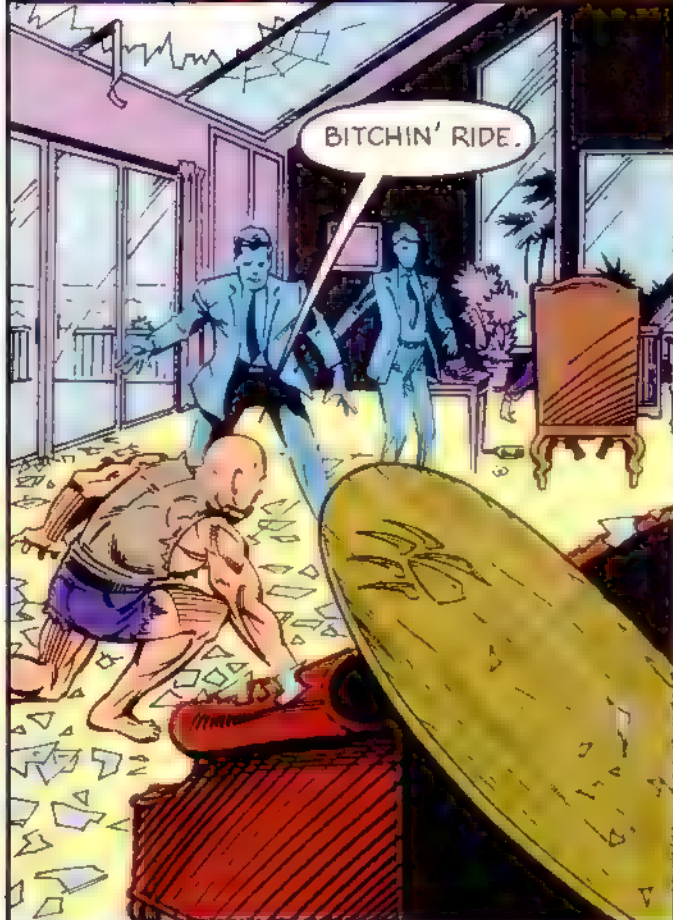
COWABUNGA!

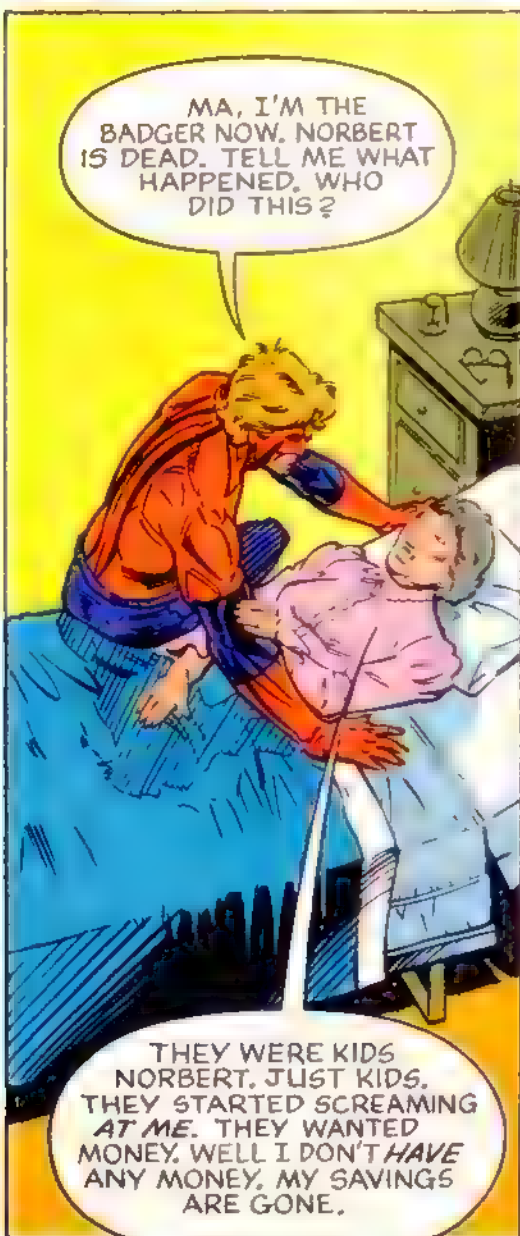
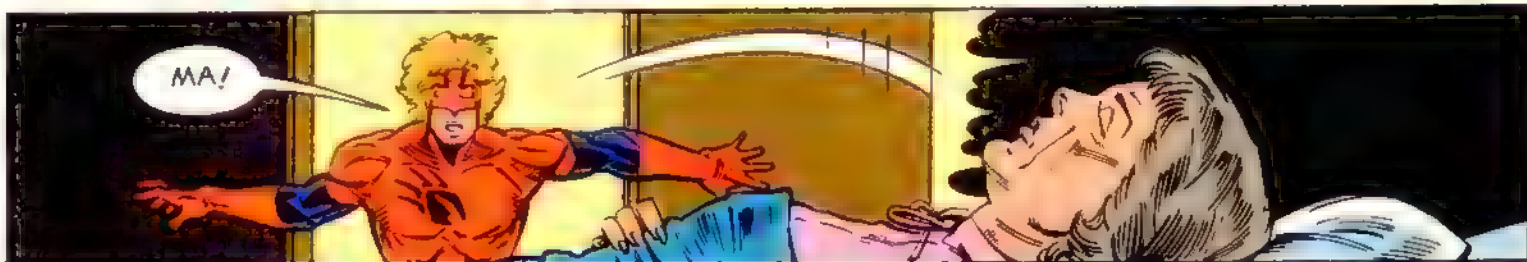
COWABUNGA!

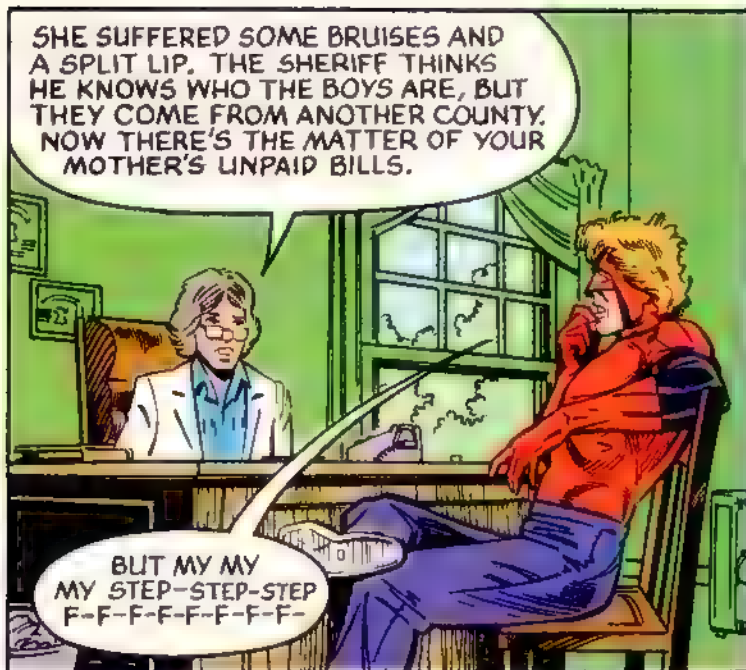
COWABUNGA!

LIKE,
STOKED,
MAN!



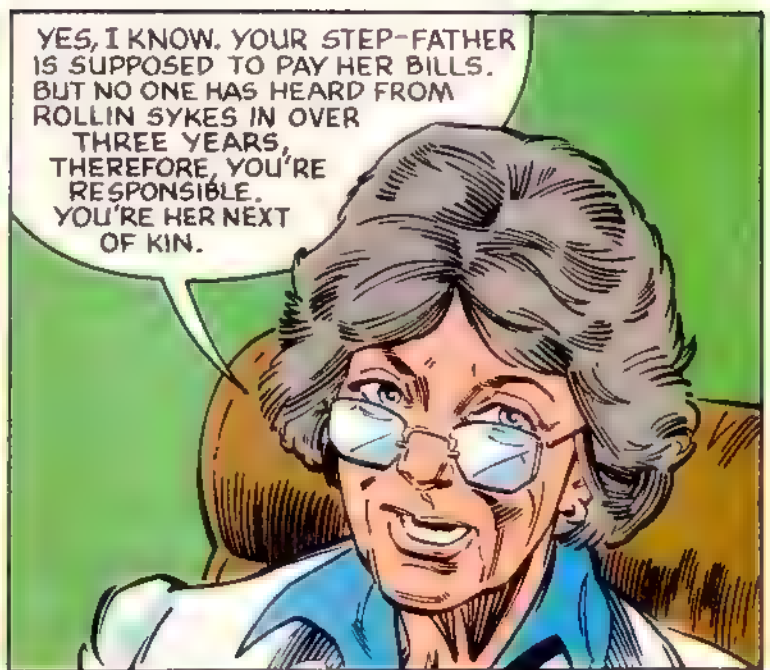






SHE SUFFERED SOME BRUISES AND A SPLIT LIP. THE SHERIFF THINKS HE KNOWS WHO THE BOYS ARE, BUT THEY COME FROM ANOTHER COUNTY. NOW THERE'S THE MATTER OF YOUR MOTHER'S UNPAID BILLS.

BUT MY MY
MY STEP-STEP-STEP
F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-



YES, I KNOW. YOUR STEP-FATHER IS SUPPOSED TO PAY HER BILLS. BUT NO ONE HAS HEARD FROM ROLLIN SYKES IN OVER THREE YEARS, THEREFORE, YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE. YOU'RE HER NEXT OF KIN.



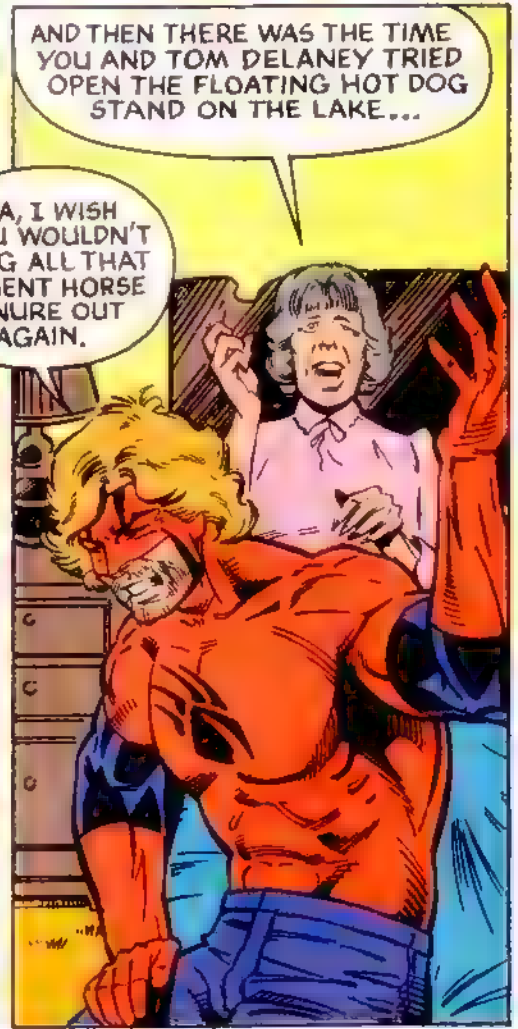
THERE ARE *CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS* IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO PAY...

YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY! YOU'LL HAVE IT ON MONDAY! AND THEN I'M MOVING MY MOTHER OUT OF HERE!



IN THE MEANTIME, I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE JUST IN CASE THOSE PUNKS COME BACK.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A NICE HOT SHOWER?



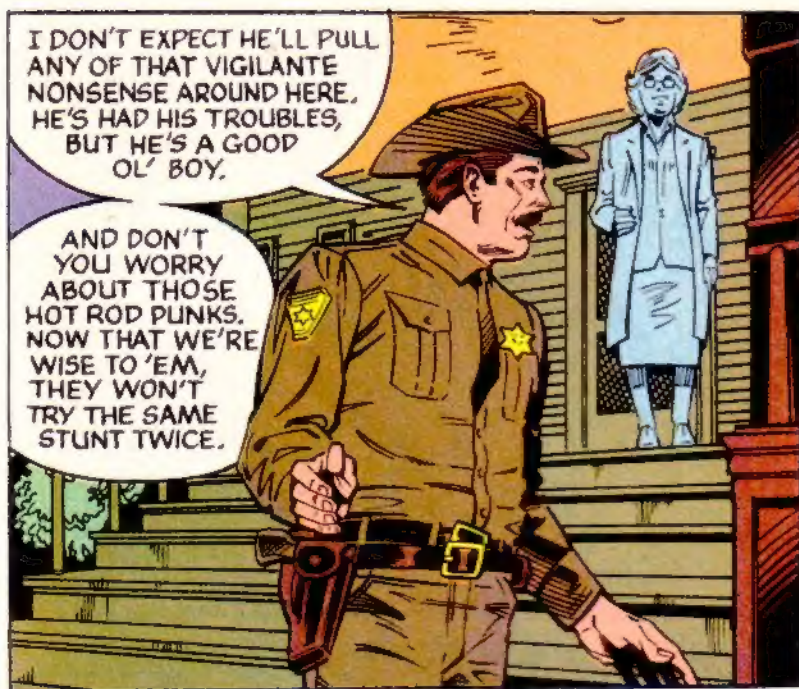
AND THEN THERE WAS THE TIME YOU AND TOM DELANEY TRIED OPEN THE FLOATING HOT DOG STAND ON THE LAKE...

MA, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DRAG ALL THAT ANCIENT HORSE MANURE OUT AGAIN.



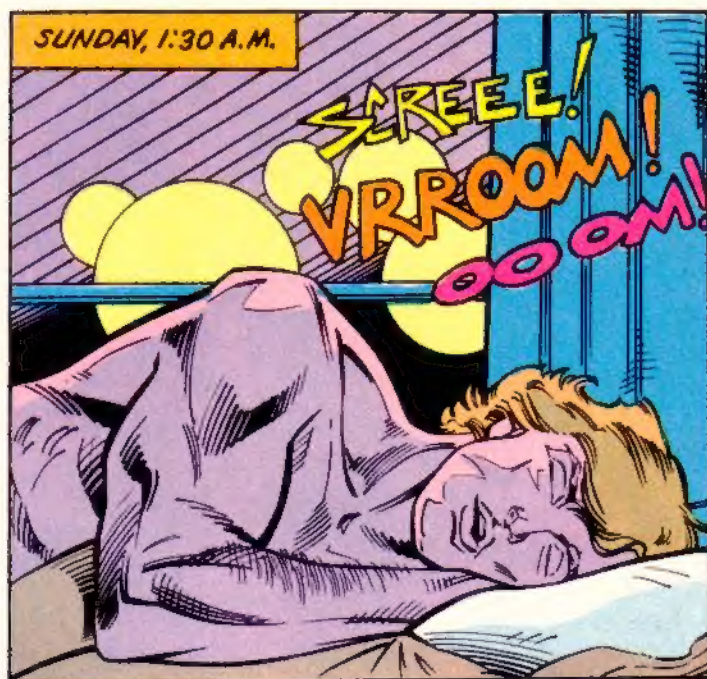
HE'S SLEEPING IN AN EMPTY ROOM NOW, SHERIFF. I JUST THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

I APPRECIATE IT RITA. BUT I CAN VOUCH FOR NORBERT. HE WAS ALWAYS A LITTLE STRANGE... WELL, WHO WOULDN'T BE WITH AN OLD MAN LIKE ROLLIN?



I DON'T EXPECT HE'LL PULL ANY OF THAT VIGILANTE NONSENSE AROUND HERE. HE'S HAD HIS TROUBLES, BUT HE'S A GOOD OL' BOY.

AND DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THOSE HOT ROD PUNKS. NOW THAT WE'RE WISE TO 'EM, THEY WON'T TRY THE SAME STUNT TWICE.



SUNDAY, 1:30 A.M.

SCREEE!
VRROOM!
OOOM!



OH NO! HELP! HELP PLEASE SOMEBODY! HELP!

LOOK! A NURSIE! DIBS ON THE NURSIE!

I GET HER NEXT! THE REST OF YOU GUYS--LET'S SHAKE DOWN THESE OLD BATS AND GEEZERS! AND DON'T FORGET THE MEDICINE CABINET!

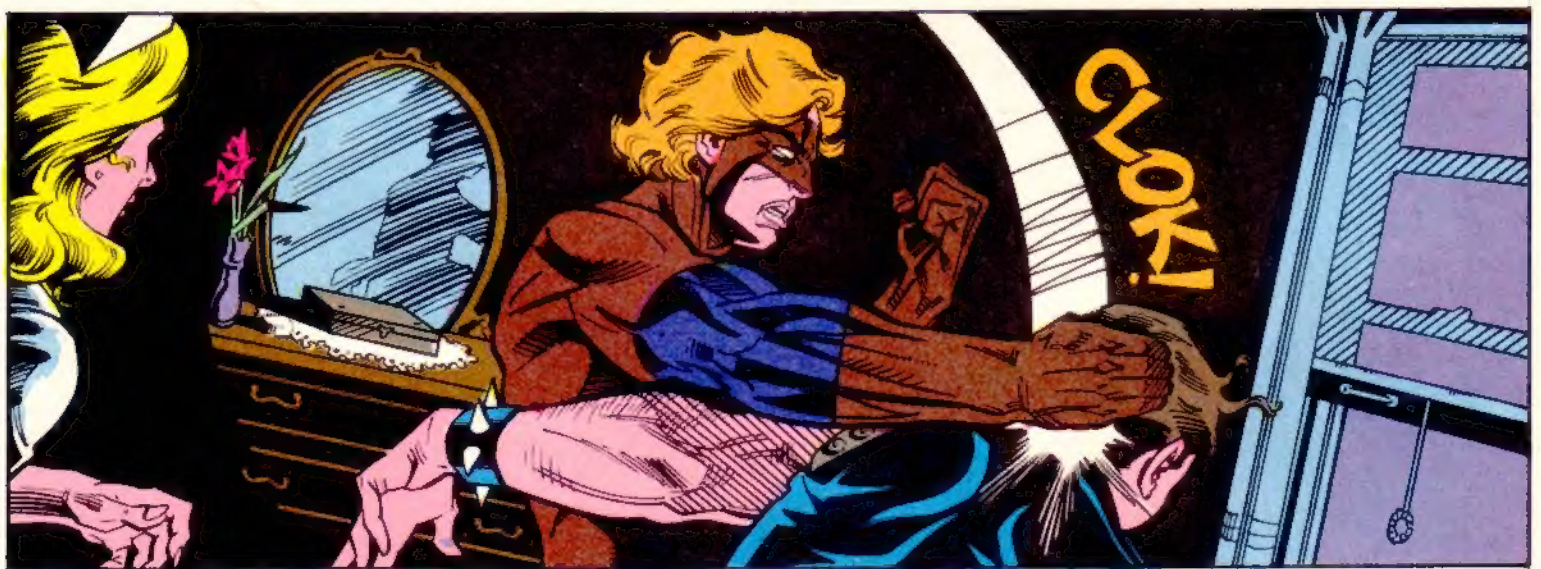
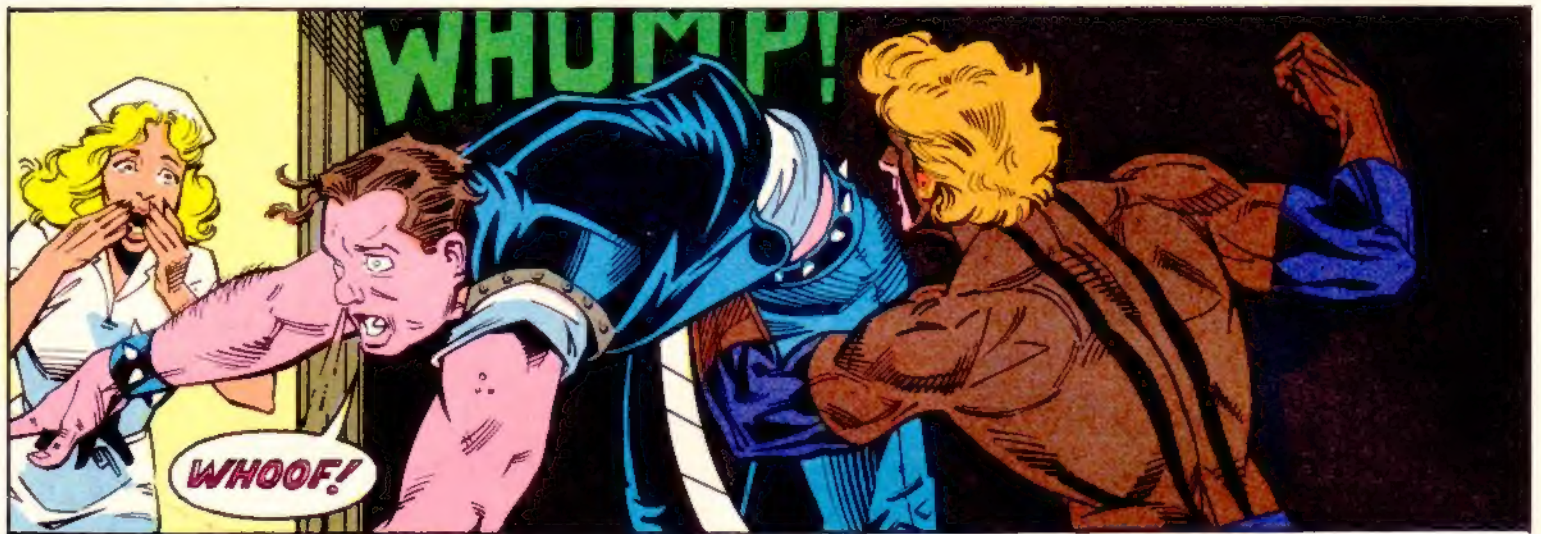


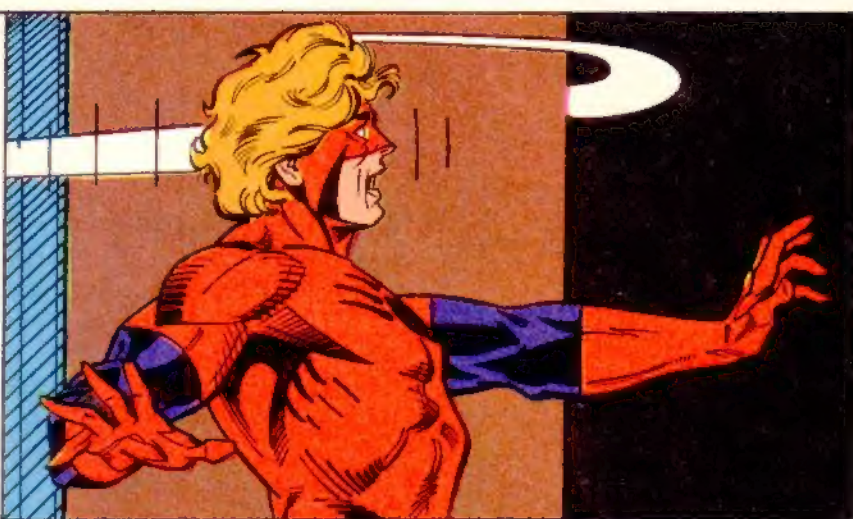
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

SURE WE WILL! SHERIFF'S AT A BARN BURNING IN COOPERSTOWN.



COME ON. BE NICE. GO LOT EASIER ON YOU...

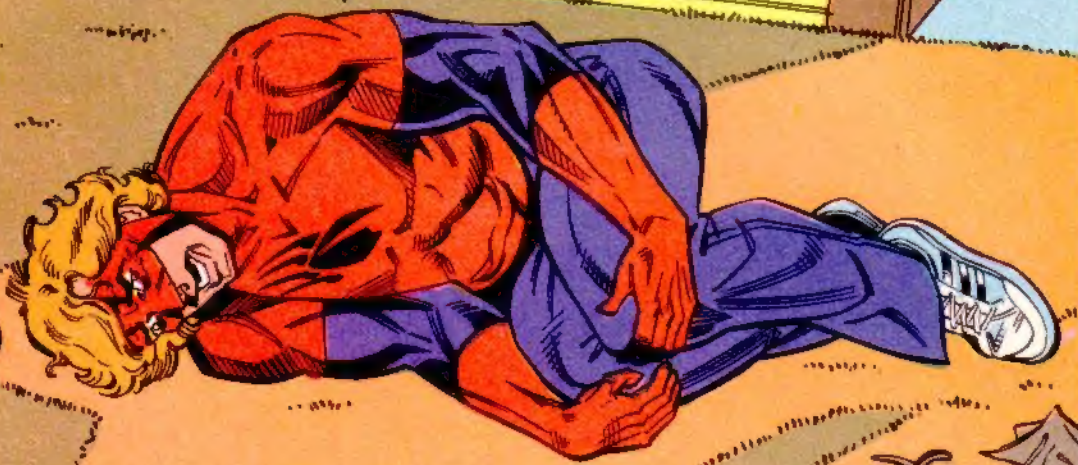




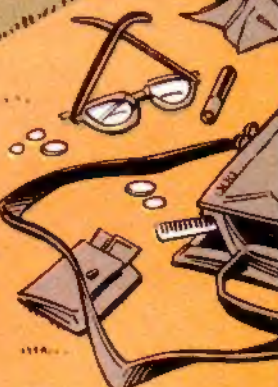


SWIK!

D-D-D-D-D-
D-DON'T HURT ME
R-R-R-R-R-ROLLIN,
D-P-P-P-PLEASE--!



COME ON--
LET'S KICK
HIS ASS!



TO BE CONTINUED!